
OVID'S
METAMORPHOSIS.

TRANSLATED

By Several Hands.



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OVID's
METAMORPHOSIS.

TRANSLATED

By Several Hands.

VOL. I.

Containing the first Five Books.

Adorn'd with Sculptures.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. Rogers at the *Sun* in *Fleet-street*; J. Sanders in the *New Exchange*; and A. Koper at the *Black Boy* against *St. Dunstan's Church*. 1697.

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METAMORPHOSIS

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VOL. I.

Containing the first five Books

As they were first published.

492:14

LONDON

Printed for J. Stodart at the Swan in Fleet
Street: & sold by J. Stodart in the Strand
and R. Stodart at the Bible for sale
St. Dunstons Church. 1697.

The Right Honourable

WILLIAM

E A R L of

PORTLAND, &c.

MY LORD,

WERE I as capable as I
have long been ambitious
of Addressing to Your Lordship in

A 3

to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

so worthy a manner as You deserve,
this had been a fair Opportunity ;
but I must confess my self unable
to come up to so Great a Chara-
cter.

I am sensible what Encomiums are
due to uncommon Merit. To behold
Exemplary Virtue at Court ; an
Active Life adjusted by strictest Re-
gularity ; Sedateness of Temper
amidst the hurry of most Important
Affairs ; High Station and Greatness
accompanied not only with exactest
Justice, but likewise with Condescen-
tion,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tion, Affability and Courtesy to Inferiours; and all this resulting from a fix'd Sense of Honour; and what is yet Greater, from an Inbred Principle of Religion and Piety--- These are Topicks that would employ the ablest Genius to describe them in Perfection.

But tho I cannot pretend to write Your Lordship's just Praises; yet I hope I may be allowed to offer the Tribute of my Thanks. Every honest Man has a Right of speaking his grateful Sentiments of a Publick Benefactor.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

refactor. For no less than *National* Acknowledgments are due to Your Lordship for the Great Services in which you are perpetually employed. Nay, the Good Men of all Nations are oblig'd to You upon Account of your Early and Continued Fidelity to the Best of Princes.

He has always thought Your Lordship worthy of his nearest Trust; and 'tis your Honour and Happiness to have been more than once particularly Instrumental in the Preservation of his Sacred Life, upon which the
Welfare

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Welfare of *Europe* so much depends.
This, MY LORD, has gain'd You
the Esteem of this Age, and will
celebrate your Name to All Po-
sterity.

But Zeal has insensibly transport-
ed me beyond my Design, which
was only to crave Your Lordship's
Patronage of the following Poem,
the Performance of Several Hands.
Nor can I despair of Your Lordship's
Favour, when I consider that Persons
in highest Stations and Employments,
have condescended to Patronize
the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Muses. I therefore beg leave to
lay this Essay at Your Lordship's
Feet, and to profess my Self with
the most profound Respect and Sin-
cerity,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble

and most Devoted Servant,

N. TATE.

P R E F A C E.

SOME of our greatest Judges of Poetry have declared their Sentiments of this Author, That he is the fittest amongst the *Classick Poets* to be Translated into English. Indeed he is so Natural a Writer, that he cannot fail of being agreeable in any Language he shall be made to speak. *Humane Passions* are the same in all Ages and Countries; and, perhaps, no man had ever the Talent of touching them so sensibly as Himself. But it will still be a Question with some Persons, what need there was of any new Performance after what Mr. Sandy's has done, with so long and general Approbation. I
confess

THE PREFACE.

confess it is a kind of Sacrilege to rob the
Dead of their just Praises : And for my own
part, must acknowledge, I think him a Great
Man. Nay, 'tis my Opinion, that scarce any
Person now living wou'd have perform'd so well
in so narrow a Compass. But with his strict
Confinement he is thought (even by good Judge-
ments) to have lost much of that Beauty and
Grace, which, without doubt, he would other-
wise have reach'd. So that the noblest Parts
of the Work seem not rais'd to that degree above
the Rest that is Conspicuous in the Original ;
where the labour'd Places are distinguishable,
and where the Poet has manifestly exerted his
utmost Faculties. A modest latitude seems ne-
cessary for any one that Translates from a more
Comprehensive Language than his own. Nor
can it be expected that an English Verse of Ten
Syllables

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Syllables should always take in a Latin Verse of commonly Fifteen, or more, without being cramp'd, abrupt, and obscure. At least, where the Passions are to be wrought, they can never express them with due tenderness and delicacy in so concise a way. This is the prudent and decent Liberty which I presume has been taken by the Translators concerned in this Version, but with what Success, must be left to the Judgment of the Reader. As for the Method of publishing this Work by single Volumes, (each containing Five Books of the whole Fifteen) the Booksellers thought it most proper at this time.

The Two remaining Volumes are preparing for the Press, and will be Published with all convenient Speed.

BOOK

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THE PREFACE

Syllabus of the course of study in the Department of
Education, University of Toronto, 1900-1901.
Advised and edited by the Department of Education,
University of Toronto. This is the first of a series of
books which will be published by the Department of
Education, University of Toronto, and which will
contain the syllabus of the course of study in the
Department of Education, University of Toronto, for the
year 1900-1901. The books are published by the
Department of Education, University of Toronto, and
will be published in the following order:—
1. The Department of Education, University of Toronto,
1900-1901.
2. The Department of Education, University of Toronto,
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3. The Department of Education, University of Toronto,
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8. The Department of Education, University of Toronto,
1900-1901.
9. The Department of Education, University of Toronto,
1900-1901.
10. The Department of Education, University of Toronto,
1900-1901.

BOOK

B O O K I.

Translated by Mr. *Milbourn*.

B O O K II.

By Mr. *Arwaker* and Mr. *Jackson*.

B O O K III.

By Mr. *Pittis* and Mr. *Bridgwater*.

B O O K IV.

To Page 166. by Mr. *Tate*.

Continued to Page 175. by Mr. *Arwaker*.

From thence to Page 183. by Mr. *Tate*.

To the End, by Another Hand.

B O O K V.

By Mr. Wells and Mr. Smith.

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OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

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The Argument of the First Book.

The Author's Invocation, and Design of the whole Work. The Chaos describ'd. The Separation of the four Elements. Creation of Man. Production of Giants. Lÿcaon's Impiety, and Jupiter's Resolution thereupon to drown the whole Earth. Description of the Flood. Deucalion and Phÿrra only survive: Who by direction of the Oracle restore the Race of Mankind. Other Creatures produc'd from the Heat and Moisture of the Earth. Amongst which the Serpent Pytho, whom Apollo kills; and thereupon institutes the Pythian Games; in which Exercises the Victors are crown'd with Oakem Wreaths, the Laurel-Tree being not yet produc'd, till the Transformation of Daphne into that Plant. On which Occasion her Father Penëus (a River-God) is visited by other River-Desties. Inachus only absent, detain'd by Grief for his Daughter Iô's being chang'd into a Heifer by Juno, who (suspecting the Intrigue) commits her to the Custody of Argus; whom Mercury circumvents, and kills, having first charm'd his hundred Eyes asleep, by singing to his Reed the Transformation of Syrinx. Juno, after the Death of

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Argus;



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R Argus;

Argus, transplants his Eyes into her Peacock's Tail. Is being restor'd to her former Shape, is deliver'd of Epaphus. His Contest with Phaeton.

OF Bodies chang'd to other Shapes I sing;
Ye Gods who chang'd them, such assistance bring,

That in one equal Stream my Verse may flow, (below
Down from the World's first Birth to our great Age

BEfore Earth, Seas, or Heav'n's wide Arch
were fram'd;

One heavy shapeless Lump, the *Chaos* nam'd,
O'respread the face of Nature; where around
Rude indigested Principles were found
Of future things; No Sun yet shew'd his Light,
Nor waxing Moon with borrow'd Lustre bright.
No Earth in Ambient Air true ballanc'd hung,
Nor Seas their watry Arms around it flung;
But Sea, Earth, Air, all jumbled, all confus'd;
No solid Earth, no fluid Waves produc'd;
No lightsome Air; but struggling Atoms jarr'd
In the rude Mass; the Soft assault the Hard,

The

The First Book.

3

The Hot the Cold, the Moist oppose the Dry ;
And Light with Heavy parts for Conquest try :

God by a gentler Nature hush'd the Fray,
And from the upper Skies took Earth away ;
From Earth drew off the Seas, and parted fair
The Liquid *Aether* from the Cloudy Air,
And bound them, parted from the gloomy Mass,
In peaceful bonds, each in a distant place.

High o'er the rest the weightless *Aether* flew,
And o'er the rest Heav'ns azure Arches drew.
The Air, as next in Lightness, next was plac'd ;
Gross Earth the Seeds of heavier things embrac'd,
And sunk with its own weight ; the waters last
Like some strong Girdle round the Globe were cast.

Thus some Almighty God his Power disclos'd,
And the rough Mass in various parts dispos'd :
First, lest the heavier parts, ill pois'd, should fall,
He roll'd 'um up in one terraqueous Ball ;
Then narrower Seas dispers'd, and bad 'um roar
With rapid Winds, and wash the neighbouring
Shore :

And Springs, and mighty Pools, and Lakes he made,
And Rivers down through winding Banks convey'd:

Some swallow'd up in parent Earth; but some,
With Streams encreas'd, down to the Ocean come;
Where, in large Fields of spacious Waters, lost,
They not on Banks, but Shores, are roughly tost.

His Word sunk Valleys, plain'd the verdant
Meads,

Rais'd leavy Woods, and Rocky Mountain Heads.
And as five Zones the higher Orbs divide,
Two always bending to the Northern side,
Two to the Southern Pole, the fifth between,
Glowing and hot with nearer Beams is seen:
So that Wise God th' included Earth dispos'd,
And the hot Clime between the Mild enclos'd.
The midmost scorch't, one room thy Desert makes,
Th' Extremes are chill'd with the continual flakes
Of lasting Snows; Between these, two more mild,
Where Heat and Cold are gently reconcil'd.

These all envelop'd with expanded Air
Compos'd of fluid Atoms, but more rare

Than

Than their original Moisture, and less light
 Than soaring flame in its superior flight;
 There he soft Dews and heavy Clouds display'd,
 And there his dismal treasur'd Thunders laid :
 There yet unforg'd and forceless Lightnings ly,
 And Meteors blaze, and fanning Breezes ply :
 But the great Architect the head-strong Winds
 In narrow Bounds from long'd-for mischief binds;
 Whence, when they sometimes break, they rake the
 Turn up tall Groves, and lofty Buildings tear ; (Air,
 And tho in distant Caves (like Captives) hurl'd,
 The quarrelling Brood shake all the trembling
 World,

The East bore down to th' Equinoctial dawn,
 By *Persian* and *Arabian* Odors drawn ;
 The Western to the falling Sun inclin'd ;
 The Frozen Pole secur'd the Northern Wind :
 While the damp South-winds slabby Pinions roll
 Clouds ever-showry from the adverse Pole.
 Then he commands, That o're 'um all should rise
 The fluid Arch of dregless weightless Skies.

Scarce had lie thus to each their Bounds assign'd,
When long-hid Stars with sudden lustre shin'd
Above; and lest some place should vacant ly,
Celestial Signs and Dæmons fill the Sky;
Bright Fish the Water, Earth its Beasts maintains,
And moving-Air to light-wing'd Birds remains.

A Nobler Creature, of a larger Soul,
Was wanting yet, whose Sense might All controul;
So Man was made; whether the World's great Cause
Th' Almighty Workman by peculiar Laws
From heavenly Seeds produc'd his heavenly Form;
Or Earth, still with Æthereal Atoms warm,
New made, and parted from its kindred Sky,
Made wise *Prometheus* all his Judgment try,
Temper and work, and mould it like a God.
And while all other Creatures where they trod,
Fixt their dejected looks, a Nobler Air
He gave to Man, and a superior Care;
And bad him boldly view the spacious Skies,
And toward the Stars raise his exalted Eyes:
Thus rough ill-figur'd Earth, transform'd again,
Put on the various unknown shapes of Men.

First was the Golden Age, when, far from fear
Of angry Judges, or of Laws severe,
Men of their own accord All acted right,
And Truth and Justice was the World's delight ;
No Penal Laws on Brazen Leaves were grav'd ;
No Criminal his Judge's Favour crav'd ;
A Judge's Place no mighty Bribes obtain'd,
Nor Men their Rights by Fees or Counsel gain'd ;
None yet from Mountains hal'd the lofty Trees ;
No Ships were built to cross the dreadful Seas :
But all, contented with their Native Shore,
Liv'd quiet there, and wish'd to know no more.
No Trench nor Walls their fearless Cities crown'd
None trembled at the Trumpet's Martial Sound,
No Casks nor Swords were made, nor Soldiers
train'd,

But downy Peace thro' all the Nations reign'd.
Earth now, untouch'd, her Stores at large bestow'd,
Not torn with Harrows, nor with Coulters plow'd.
And Men with unforc't Natures Fruits content,
To Shrubs and Hills for Sloes and Bullice went ;

On Blackberries and Hurtle-berries fed,
 And Mast from spreading Oaks in plenty shed.
 'Twas always Spring, and Western Breezes round
 The unfown Meads with Flow'ry Garlands
 crown'd:

The Earth, untill'd, it's weighty Crops could yield,
 And heavy Ears wav'd o're the burthen'd Field;
 The largest streams with Milk and Nectar flow'd,
 And dropping Boughs their Virgins Sweets be-
 stow'd.

But *Saturn*, thrust to Hell, soon left the Stage;
Jove seiz'd the Throne, and rais'd the Silver Age,
 Low-priz'd, compar'd with that of Gold before;
 With that of Brass compar'd, esteem'd the more.
 Then *Jove* contracts those old eternal Springs,
 And all the Year to equal Quarters brings:
 A short-liv'd Spring, a short-liv'd Summer breeds;
 Uncertain Harvests, Winter's cold succeeds:
 Then first the Air with scorching Fervours glow'd,
 And Wind-bound Floods an Icy Surface show'd;
 Then Men, first pinch'd abroad, for shelter sought,
 And to some spacious Cave their Households
 brought;

Or

Or in some thick-leav'd Copses took the shade,
Or with Boughsty'd, convenient Arbours made;
Then Corn was first in long-drawn Furrows sown,
And heavy Yokes made labouring Oxen groan.

The third, the Brazen Age, assum'd the place,
More prone to Quarrels, and a fiercer Race.

Yet not beyond all bounds of Virtue past.

Hard stubborn temper'd Iron form'd the last.

Now Villany broke in, like some vast Flood,

And poyson'd all Mankind's corrupted Blood;

Faith, Truth, and Modesty, were forc'd to fly,

And Fraud, and Falshood, Lies and Treachery,

And curst thirst for Wealth, ne're satisf'd,

(A sad exchange!) their empty Rooms suppli'd.

Seamen to unknown Winds now spread their Sails,

And Lives adventur'd on uncertain Gales;

Huge Ships, whose sides had long the Mountains

crown'd,

Their wondrous Course through untri'd Waters

found.

The Fields, which like the Sun and Air, before

Were common, now were measured nicely o're:

The

The wise Surveyor, Bounds and Land-marks sets.
But tho Earth duly paid her ancient Debts
Of Corn and Food, down deep to Styx below,
With hellish Art th' insatiate Miners go;
Her Bowels rack'd to find the glittering Ore,
With horrid Groans she yields the fatal Store,
Mischievous Steel, and more mischievous Gold,
Now walk abroad, and bloody War grown bold,
Now shakes his well-edg'd Sword and pointed
And bloody Stains on all his Arms appear: (Spear;
Each Man by Violence and Rapine lives;
No safety to his Guest the Landlord gives;
To their Wives Parents false their Sons are found;
And Brothers seldom are for love renown'd.
The Man would bury fain his loathsome Wife;
And she complains of his too tedious Life:
Step-mothers all their poy's'nous drugs prepare;
The Father's Life torments th' impatient Heir:
All Duty dies, and wear'd Justice flies
From bloody Earth at last, and mounts the Skies.

But that Heav'n might no more of safety know
Than that of our corrupted World below,

Giants

Giants, it's said, Heav'ns sacred Empire claim'd,
And at the Stars their three-pil'd Mountains aim'd;
Till through *Olympus* *Jove's* fierce Lightning broke,
And tumbled *Offa* with the dreadful stroke
Off *Pelion's* tow'ring Head; the curst Design
So sunk at once, with all the Gyant-line.

They lay, when dead, their monstrous Bodies lay
Crusht with their own huge weight; the softning
Clay,

Moist with their Blood, a vital warmth conceiv'd;
And lest the World should be at once bereav'd
Of all the Product of that Barbarous Race,
That Clay assum'd a manly Shape and Face:
They too, a Godless, headstrong, murd'ring Crew,
Their bloody Birth by bloody Actions shew.

Jove from above their horrid Crimes survey'd
And deeply groan'd, and new Reflections made
From thence on bold *Lycaon's* impious Feast;
And God-like Anger fill'd his Sacred Breast:
To Council then he summons all the Gods;
Who summon'd, quickly left their blest abodes.

Have

Have you not seen, in cloudless Evening Skies,
A lofty Path with wondrous Brightness rise,
Thence call'd the Milky-way? That whiteness guides
To where th' Immortal Thunderer resides.
On either hand of that Illustrious Road,
You see the Castle of some leading God;
Some front the Palace of their Mighty King,
But lesser gods fill all the distant Ring:
This Place, if we by meaner Names might call
Cœlestial Buildings, should be Heaven's *White-Hall*.
The Gods here took their Seats; Enthron'd above,
On's Ivory Scepter lean'd Imperial Jove;
Twice, thrice the Monarch shakes his awful Locks,
And Seas, and Earth, and Skies, the Motion shocks;
At length the thoughtful God his silence breaks,
And thus with a Majestic Anger speaks:
Not greater Cares our anxious Bosom fill'd,
Than when the Snake-foot Tribe their Consults
held,
On our bright Throne with Rebel-Arms to seize,
Than those which now disturb our Sacred Peace.

Then

Then fierce, it's true, and strong the En'my prov'd:
But all the War in one huge Body mov'd:
Now Vengeance must at once the World enclose,
Where e're the sounding Ocean's Water flows.
By those black Streams, which through the Stygian
Steal softly down, I seal their fatal Doom. (Gloom
I've try'd all means to mend the stubborn Crew,
But still their Guilt, and still their Crimes renew.
And he must cut the tainted Limbs away,
Who would with Art the spreading Gangrene stay.
I've Demi-gods, Nymphs, Faries, all ador'd
By Country-Boors, and Weedy Mountains stor'd
With Fauns and Satyrs, these on Earth must live,
Till we to them Cœlestial Honours give.
But can you, O ye Gods, can you engage,
They'll long be safe, when bold *Lycaon's* rage
Attempted me, me, who fierce Lightnings fling,
Whom you thus guard and own your Lawful King?

At this all started, and with ardent Zeal
To *Jove's* just Vengeance on the Wretch appeal.
So when that impious Band resolv'dly stood
To dash the *Roman* Name with *Cæsar's* Blood,

Mankind

Mankind that fatal stroke at once amaz'd,
The World with Horrour on the Murderers gaz'd;
Nor can thy Subjects grief less grateful prove
To great *Augustus* now, than theirs to *Jove*.

His Voice and Hand their Loyal Murmurs laid,
And Majesty a general Silence made.

When thus again the Monarch gravely spoke:
Think not a Wretch could thus your King provoke,
And scape unpunish'd! trust that care with me,
And here his Madness and my Vengeance see.

Oft had we heard of Humane Crimes before,
Oft wish'd 'em false; but that we might explore
Their truth, our self stoop'd from the peaceful Skies,
And in a Humane Body's dark disguise
Survey'd the World: To cut the Story short,
Mens Crimes far past the loudest Fame's report.
Now *Manalus*, for Savage Beasts defam'd,
Cyllenus, and the Pinetree Forests nam'd,
From cold *Lycaeus* e're dark Night we past,
And reach'd th' *Arcadian* Tyrant's seat at last;
I let the Croud a Gods arrival know;
The ready Croud their just Devotions show.

Lycaon

Lycaon laught at all, and cry'd aloud,
We'll quickly try this great pretended God ;
If he's a mortal Man, we'll find it out ;
And if Immortal, soon resolve the doubt ;
Then he my Death resolv'd, (the surest Test)
When spent with Travel, and with Sleep oppress.
Nor could he stay for this decisive Note ,
But straight he cuts a poor *Molossian's* Throat,
An Hostage from the conquer'd Nation sent ;
Down to the Fire the quivering Members went,
Some roast, some boil'd ; his hateful Table spread,
When on its cruel Master's impious Head
I turn'd his Palace with revenging Fires ;
The frighted Wretch to silent Woods retires,
And tries to speak, but howls ; his threatning Jaws
To snarling Grins his rabid Nature draws ;
The savage Brute, still ravenous and curst,
Against the Cattel turns his sanguine Thirst.
His Cloaths rough Hairs, Legs for his Arms he
A Wolf, but still his former Visage wears ; (bears ;
Still griesly, and his Looks his Rage proclaim,
His bloodshot Eyes and fierceness still the same.

So

So fell one Family; but one alone
Can't for a World's provoking Crimes atone;
In every quarter raging Madness reigns,
And Vice the sworn Society maintains;
Then let them suffer (as they'r guilty) all;
I've past their Doom, and wont the Doom recal.

Some with loud Votes their Monarch's words
approve,

And for a sharp and sudden Vengeance move;
Others, with humbly silent Signs consent;
But Mankind's ruins all the Gods lament;
They ask what form the desert World should bear,
Who serve the Gods with due Religious fear;
Should any Incense on their Altars lay?
Or Savage Beasts on every Countrey prey?

Jove lays their fears, and to their doubts replies,
And tells them, Soon another Stock should rise
Unlike the former; from whose wondrous Birth,
New Colonies should plant the spacious Earth.

And now *Jove* had his dismal Lightnings hurl'd;
But that he fear'd his own Superior World;

That

That both the Poles the spreading Flames should
catch,

And Heaven it self, as well as Earth, dispatch.

Besides, he call'd to mind, Fates time was nigh,

When Sea and Earth, and all the lofty Sky

Should burn with Fire, the World's huge Fabrick

And one prodigious Ruin swallow all. (fall,

Jove throws at last his well-forg'd Lightnings by,
Resolv'd he'd other ways of Vengeance try,

And drown, not burn the World; and Mortal kind
Should all their Graves beneath the Waters find.

Straight in his Cave he lock'd the *Northern* Wind,

And all those blasts to clear the Sky design'd;

But gives the *Southern* Wind his liberty:

Out flies the dropping *South*, his Visage he

Masks in a pitchy Gloom, thick Mists around

His Beard, his hoary Head with Waters crown'd;

His threatening Brows eternal Tempests brew,

His Sides and Feathers drop with weighty Dew.

He squeez'd the spongy Clouds, the watry Rack

Straight pour'd out Rain, with many a dismal
crack.

The painted Rainbow mounts the stormy Skies,
And with new Floods the wasted Clouds supplies.
Down falls the Corn, the Plowman's Prayers are
 crost,

And all the tedious Year's long Labour's lost.
But Rain could ne're *Jove's* utmost fury vent ;

So to his aid his Brother *Neptune* sent

Auxiliary Waves ; The Rivers all

At his command the ready *Triton's* call.

Scarce had they reach'd their King's Imperial Seat,

I shan't, said he, long Arguments repeat ;

Go, there's occasion for't, pour all your force ;

Give all your Fountains their unbounded Course ;

Draw up your Floodgates, all your Barrs remove,

And all your Streams with utmost Rage improve.

He spoke, they homeward turn'd their dabbled
 Wings,

And straight broke up their inexhausted Springs,

And rush'd with horrid fury towards the Main,

No Banks could their impetuous Rage restrain.

He strikes the Earth, his Trident's dreadful stroke,

New Hollows for the boiling Fountains broke :

Now

Now raging Floods at once o'whelm the Field,
Corn, Trees, Men, Cattel, Houses, Temples yield
To their outrageous force: If stronger Walls
Resist a while, yet such a Tempest falls,
They can't long make their bold Resistance good;
But lofty Tow'rs sink with the pond'rous Flood.

Now Sea and Earth quite undistinguish'd lay,
And all appear'd but one unbounded Sea.
One Man here climbs a Hill, another Steers
A Boat, and with his active Oars appears
Where he himself had plow'd a while before;
And views with Tears his rotting Winter's store:
One sailing spies a stately Village drown'd;
Another fishing in an Elm is found:
Here in a Plain perhaps an Anchor's cast,
And there some Pinnacle o're a Vineyard past;
And where the Kids in tender Pastures fed,
There hideous Sea-Calves now at large are laid.
The naked Sea-Nymphs, in a frightful maze,
At Groves and Towns beneath the Waters gaze.
The Dolphins wilder'd, with an angry stroke
Rush on a Bough, or shoot against an Oak.

The Wolves, now harmless, swim among the Sheep;
 The brinded Lyons, floating o're the Deep,
 Agree with Tygers; Boars their furies lose;
 And Fate, more swift, the nimble Deer pursues.
 The Birds o're toil'd, all hopes of safety past,
 Sink down with wearid Wings, and drown at last.
 Hills now are buri'd by the raging Flood;
 And the victorious Waters grown more proud,
 The Mountains scale, and o're the Mountains rise;
 And if still dry some soaring Mountain lies,
 Pale Famine there the Refugees assails,
 And with sure arms against their Lives prevails.

Beotia, while undrown'd, a fruitful Land,
 Divided *Phocis* from th' *Achaean* Strand;
 Now all those Lands to swelling Oceans yield,
 All one prodigious Lake, one watry Field.
Parnassus there, with two aspiring Heads,
 The sight above the cloudy Region leads.
Deucalion's Skiff, when all the rest was drown'd,
 Here with his Wife at last a respite found.
 Here the *Corycian* Nymphs they both adore,
 And both the Mountain Deities implore;

Both

Both to Prophetick *Themis* Prayers address'd,
Themis then of Oracular Power possess'd.
Ne're liv'd a better, juster Man than he ;
Nor liv'd a Woman more devout then she.
Jove, seeing now, from his supreme Abode,
How one vast Lake the lower World o'reflow'd,
And how one Man of such vast Numbers liv'd,
One Woman of such late huge Crouds surviv'd,
Both harmless, both devout ; the Clouds dispell'd,
Set free the *North* (so long a Prisoner held),
The Skies again a lightsome Circle made, (play'd.
And Earth to Heav'n, and Heav'n to Earth dis-
The Waves were hush'd, the *Trident* cast aside,
And the smooth Seas with *Neptune's* Word com-
Old *Triton* rising from the Deeps He spies, (pli'd,
Whose Shoulders rob'd with native Purple rise,
And bids him now his Trumpets Call repeat,
And make the Rivers and the Floods retreat.
A Spiral-shell he for a Trumpet us'd,
Which from a Point the Air at large diffus'd ;
This when the Numen o're the Ocean sounds,
The *East* and *West* from Shore to Shore rebounds.

Now when h'had thrust his dripping Beard aside,
 And to his Shell his bloated Cheeks appli'd,
 The Seas and Earth the Summons heard, and scar'd
 All to their ancient Bounds in hast repair'd.

Now Seas had Shores, in Banks the Rivers flow'd,
 The Streams were pinch'd, their Heads the Mountains show'd ;

The Land crept up, the Champagne larger grew,
 As slowly back the Seas, commanded, drew.

Some time nowpast, their Heads the Woods disclos'd,
 Their slimy Twigs, and muddy Arms expos'd ;
 Earth was it self ; but when *Deucalion* view'd,
 All empty, silent, desolate, and rude,
 Thus, to his *Pyrrha*, kind *Deucalion* spoke,
 And flowing Tears out with his Language broke.

O Wife, O Sister, whom alone I find
 Escap'd the common Wreck of Womankind ;
 Us, whom two Wives to two kind Brothers bore,
 Now dangers join as Marriage joyn'd before ;
 Survey the rising Dawn, the falling *West*,
 All Earth is now by us alone possess'd,

Seas have o'rewhelm'd the rest ; nor yet must we
Too confident of our own safety be ;
I see the Clouds , and while those Clouds appear,
Still think vast Deluges and Dangers near.
Hadst thou alone, my Dear, our Fate surviv'd,
Ah, how had poor distracted *Pyrrha* liv'd ?
What lonesome Terrors now had rack'd thy Soul ?
What Friend could with thy woful Heart condole ?
I'm sure, my Dear, if Seas had swallow'd thee,
I too had dy'd, and Seas had swallow'd me.
My Father here had soon his Wisdom us'd,
And a new Stock thro' the wast World diffus'd ;
And, O, could I by his Mysterious Art
To moulded Clay a Humane Soul impart !
But now (for so the angry Gods decreed)
We two are all the World's surviving breed :
We two alone our ruin'd Race sustain ,
And but the Patterns of Mankind remain.

He spoke ; they wept, and both agreed at last,
They'd to some Oracle assistance hast ;
Straight down they go to fam'd *Cephisus* Waves,
Whose Stream, tho foul ; its ancient Bounders laves ;

Thence, when their Heads and Cloaths they'd pur-
rifi'd,
'Their Steps they toward the sacred Fane appli'd.
Whose Roofs a muddy, hoary Moss disclose ;
No holy Fire the slimy Altar shows ;
Before the Sacred Steps, they prostrate low,
Cold trembling Kisses on the Stones bestow.
And thus ; If yet the angry Gods relent,
Or can to righteous Pray'rs and Vows consent,
Say, gentle *Themis*, by what methods we
Our Kind renew'd through all the World may see ?
The Goddess kind, thus with their Prayers compli'd,
Go ! vail your Heads, your Garments all unti'd,
And your great Mothers Bones behind you cast.
A long while they in strange Amazement past ;
Pyrrha broke Silence first, and first accus'd
Th' Injunction, and Obedience first refus'd.
With faltring Words she Pardon begs, if she
Can't bear her Mothers Bones disturb'd to see.
Yet on the Oracle they meditate,
And with deep Thoughts the cloudy Words debate ;

At last *Deucalion* through the darkness breaks,
And thus in softest terms to *Pyrrha* speaks.

Or I'm deceiv'd, or else this strange Command
May both with Piety and Duty stand ;
The Earth is our great Mother, and the Stones
In her dark Womb conceal'd, the Mystic Bones ;
And these behind us we may safely throw.

Pyrrha was pleas'd, her Lord conjectur'd so,
Yet fear'd, (so little Heavenly Truth prevail'd)
But 'twas no sin to try, howe're the trial fail'd. (brac'd,

They went, and veil'd their Heads, their Coats un-
And o'er their heads the Stones commanded, cast
The Stones (yet who'd that wondrous change be-
Did not Antiquity its suffrage give ?) (lieve,
Laid all their hard resisting Nature down,
More soft by just degrees, and shapeful grown.

As when with rougher Tools hard Marble wrought
Is to some outward Lines and Figure brought ;
So yielding Stones a humane Feature shew'd
At distance, but unpolish'd, harsh, and rude ;
The Body moist and pliant Atoms made,
The firm and hard were to the Bones convey'd ;

What

What were the Veins before, the Veins remain'd;
And all those Stones a manly Figure gain'd
(So Heaven ordain'd) which by the Man were
thrown,

The Woman's all with Female softness shone.
Hence we're a hardy, stubborn, toiling Crew,
And our Originals in our Nature shew.

The Earth all other various Creatures bred ;
For when the Sun his warmer influence shed
On moisten'd Mud, the Mud and Lakes conceiv'd
Fermenting heat, the quickning Atoms heav'd
I'the vital soil, as some impregnate Womb,
And some resemblance by degrees assume.
So when great *Nile's* divided Streams desert
The slimey Fields, and to their Banks revert,
And the fresh Mud with Heavenly ardour burns ;
As the warm Turf the careful Plowman turns,
A thousand Creatures of a thousand kinds
He there beneath the teeming surface finds,
Some finish'd quite, unfinish'd Embrio's some
To view unshap'd, and half imperfect come ;

Nay in one Body oft one part they find
 Alive, the other but in Mud design'd.
 For Heat and Moisture, temper'd right, conceive,
 And from these two their Beings all receive ;
 Nay tho they disagree, their Kind debates,
 Prolific prove, that quarrel Life creates. (warm'd
 So Earth new drown'd in Mud, but throughly
 By Sun-beams, with a thousand Creatures swarm'd;
 Some known before, which kept their former Shapes;
 Some Monstrous, hasty Nature's wild escapes.
 To Thee huge *Python* too the fruitful Earth
 Against her will gave a prodigious birth, (made
 Whose hideous bulk, like some vast Mountain,
 The unfledg'd Tribes, of new-made Men, afraid.
 This Monster *Phæbus* with his Bow destroy'd ;
 His Bow before on Kids and Fawns employ'd.
 A thousand Shafts the dying Monster bore,
 A thousand Wounds fluc'd out his pois'nous gore ;
 And, that no Time might blast his purchas'd Fame, }
 The God appoints the sacred *Pythian* Games, }
 And on the Sports impos'd the Serpent's name. }

Who

Who e'er at Whorle-bats here, whose nimbler heels
Prevail'd, or rak'd the Course with swifter Wheels,
In Honour then a Beechen Garland wore ;
For yet no Land the verdant Lawrel bore,
Phæbus his golden Locks at random bound,
And his bright Brows with any Garland crown'd.
 Peneïan Daphne first *Apollo* lov'd,
Not by a chance, but *Cupid's* anger mov'd.
Phæbus, the Serpent kill'd, puffed up with pride,
Bending his Bow the Youthful *Cupid* spi'd ;
And what wouldst thou pretend, poor wanton Boy,
Said he, wouldst thou those warlike Arms employ ?
The Martial Bow becomes our Shoulders best,
We with a thousand Wounds that Beast oppress ;
We with a thousand Shafts the Monster kill'd,
Whose pois'nous Carcase cover'd all the Field.
Go, Child, some silly Hearts with Loves enflame,
But don't pretend to our immortal Fame,
To whom thus *Venus* Son ; Thy Shafts may wound
Such Monsters, I'll *Apollo's* self confound ;
As much as other Creatures yield to thee,
So much thy Glories must submit to me.

He

He spoke, and thence with angry swiftness springs,
 And mounts *Parnassus* height with soaring Wings.
 Two different Shafts there from his Quiver draws,
 One Love to kill, the other Love to cause.
 That which with love enflames the frozen Heart,
 Is sharply pointed, and a golden Dart;
 That which destroys it, has a blunter head,
 And all the Reed's fill'd up with lazy Lead.
Cupid in *Daphne* fix'd his leaden Dart,
 The golden reach'd *Apollo's* wounded heart.
 The God straight loves, the Maid detests the name
 Of Lover, but delights in Savage Game;
 In Forest shades, and hunting spends her days,
 And emulates *Diana's* Virgin praise.
 Oft her loose Hair at large dishevell'd flies,
 And oft her Curles a golden Fillet ties;
 Her many lov'd, but she their loves declin'd,
 And with impatience shunn'd the bearded kind.
 She hunts the Forests through, and never cares
 For Love, or Marriage, or succeeding Heirs.
 Thou ow'st me Sons, oft would her Father cry;
 Thou ow'st me Grandsons, would he oft reply.

Straight

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Straight

Straight Crimson blushes in her Cheeks were seen,
As if some Crime in Marriage Joys had been.

With flattering Arms around his Neck she'd cry,
Dear Father, grant me this small boon, That I
May live a Virgin, and a Virgin dye;

This could *Diana* of her Father gain.

He grants her wish, but grants alas in vain;
Her own sweet Beauty, and her charming Eyes
Resist her wishes, and her hope defies.

Phæbus fair *Daphne* loves, would *Daphne* wed,

Hopes what he wishes, by himself misled,

And as swift flames the Stubble soon dispatch,

And Hedges dry'd, the flames as swiftly catch,

From Torches fixt by night, to shew the way

To Passengers, and left till breaking day;

So Love's soft flames on *Phæbus* bosome gain,

And fruitless hopes his growing Love maintain.

He sees her Hair how to the wind it flies,

What Beams if comb'd they'd be, he raptur'd cries,

He scorns the brightest Stars in midnight Skies,

Compar'd with her illustrious sparkling Eyes.

He sees her kiss her Father's hoary Cheeks,
 And, mad with love, for such a Banquet seeks.
 Her Hands, her Fingers, and her Wrists admires,
 Her Arm, stripp'd naked up, his Bosome fires:
 And thinks what modest Robes from sight remove,
 All Mines of Charms, and Magazines of Love.
 She hears his Raptures, swift as Air she flies,
 And won't look back for all his tenderest Cries:
 Stay *Daphne*, stay thou lovely Nymph, 'tis I,
 No common Wretch, no barbarous Enemy; (fly,
 Stay cruel charming Nymph, thus Lambs would
 Were prouling Wolves, or Savage Tygers nigh.
 Thus Hinds would run from Forest brutish Kings,
 And Doves from Eagles stretch their active Wings.
 They fly their Adversary's dreadful Rage;
 But me soft loves and tenderest thoughts engage
 In chase of thee; Wretch that I am! if e're
 Thy pretty Legs a sawcy Thorn should tear;
 Wretch that I am! should I thy fall procure!
 Shouldst thou for me a pain or smart endure!
 Rough are the ways, untrodden all the Fields,
 Each way thou tak'st, some unknown danger yields.
 Softly,

Softly, my Dear! the way before thee view,
And I'll thy flight with softer steps pursue.
Fly any where ; but know thy Suitor first,
No Mountaineer among fierce Tygers nurs't ;
No Shepherd I, nor common Rustic Swain,
Who drive my Heards or Flocks along the Plain.
Delphi and Royal *Patara* are mine,
Bright *Claros* too, and *Tenedos* divine ;
Great *Jove's* my Father ; I alone declare
What things past, present, and what future are.
By me the Downy Eunuch sweetly sings,
I softer Notes compose to founding Strings ;
My Shafts strike sure, but One, alas ! has found
A surer, my unpractic'd heart to wound :
Phyick's divine Invention's all my own,
And I a helper thro' the world am known :
All Herbs I thoroughly know, and all their use,
Their healing Virtues, and their baleful Juice.
Wo's me that Love no powerful Herb can cure,
Nor all my Arts their Lord himself secure !
More had he spoke, but frighted *Daphne* flies,
And audience to his half-spoke words denies.

Yet

Yet when she fled, her Scorn victorious seem'd ;
Her very Coyness made her Charms esteem'd.
The wanton Winds free with her Garments play'd,
And naked oft her Legs and Bosome laid :
The softer breezes tost her flowing Hair,
Yet as she fled, she look'd more heav'nly fair.
At last the Youthful God no more could bear
To spend his Complements in empty air,
But all inflam'd with love, more swift pursues,
And love his Speed, and love his strength renews.
And as some Grey-hound when, with watchful
The Hare he tripping o're the Field descries, (Eyes,
He nimbly stretches for the flying Prey,
And she for Shelter scuds as swift away ;
He strongly bears, and thinks his game secure,
She fearing, thinks her self a Captive sure,
Yet escapes his Jaws, and, fleec't, more swiftly flies,
And makes Her Covert, and His Heels defies.
So *Phabus* warm'd, the flying *Daphne* prest,
The God by hope, the Maid by fear possess't.
On Love's swift wings impetuous *Phabus* flies,
And any breathing time and rest denies ;

Hangs at her back, and with a panting air
 Blows in her Neck, and parts her careless Hair.
 She pale, her strength just spent, and wearid quite
 With the long toils of her laborious flight,
 Looks at her Father's Streams, and Help ! she cries,
 Help, Father, if your Brooks are Deities :
 Gape Earth, and swallow me, or every Grace
 Which pleases, by some sudden change deface !
 Scarce had she done, when chilly Cold congeal'd
 Her stiffning Limbs, thin Bark her Breasts conceal'd,
 Leaves were her Hairs, her Arms were Boughs, her
 So swift, now draws a deep tenacious Root. (Foot
 A spiry Top supplies her lovely Face,
 And Beauties still the shining Lawrel grace.
 This *Phæbus* loves, and in the new-made Plant,
 Beneath the Bark observes her heart to pant :
 His Arms about her branching Limbs he threw,
 And kiss'd the Tree, the Tree from kisses flew.
 When thus the God ; Since now thou n'er canst be
 My Wife, thou still shalt live my favour'd Tree,
 By me thy Leaves shall be for Garlands worn,
 My Brows, my Quiver, and my Harp adorn.

When

When *Roman* Chiefs, for Victories renown'd,
 Ascend in pomp with Joy's triumphant sound
 To *Jove's* proud Capitol, the Chiefs around
 Shall ever be with Lawrel Garlands crown'd.
 Thou ever shalt the faithful Guardian stand
 At *Cæsar's* Gates, thy powerful Leaves command
 All dangers off, and fence the sacred Oak
 From the prodigious Thunder's dreadful stroke.
 And, as I'm still unshorn and youthful seen,
 Thy Leaves shall flourish with immortal Green.
 Thus *Phæbus* spoke, the Lawrel gently mov'd,
 And with her bending Top his words approv'd.

In *Thessaly* delicious *Tempe* lies,
 Begirt with woody Hills which kiss the Skies;
Peneus through't from *Pindus* lofty Springs
 His hasty Streams with foaming fury flings.
 His Falls a Cloud of misty Vapour shew, (Dew!
 And drench the neighbouring Woods with weighty
 And distant Dwellers, and the Neighbours round
 Disturbs and deafens with His thundring sound.
 Here the great River dwells, here holds the Throne;
 And in his Cavern, Arch'd with native Stone,

O're all his Subject Streams a Monarch stands,
 And Waters, and the watry Nymphs commands:
 Hither his Country Rivers kindly came,
 Uncertain how they should their Visit name;
 Or to condole, or to congratulate
 His Metamorphos'd Daughter's wondrous Fate.
 Thither *Spercheus* came with Poplars crown'd,
 And swift *Enipeus* with a restless found.
 Slow-pac'd *Amphrysus*, *Aëas*, and the Sage
Apidanus, cramp'd with encroaching Age;
 And other nameless Rivers thither force
 Their wear'd Waters with a winding Course.

Inachus only from the Meeting stay'd,
 Sad in his Cave, and negligently lay'd,
 With flowing Tears he swells his native Stream,
Iō his Daughter's all his mournful Theam;
Iō concluded lost, though doubtful He,
 Whether among the Quick or Dead she be.
 Find her he can't, and thinks she can't be found,
 And deep his thoughts imagin'd-mischiefs wound.

Great *Jove* by chance, returning *Iō* spy'd
 Home from her Father's Springs without a Guide.

And

And straight the lustful god approaching, said,
O thou fit Mate for *Jove*, dear charming Maid !
(Perhaps for some ignoble Bed design'd)
Come let's in yonder Grove a shelter find !
(And shews the Grove) for now the mounting Day
Grows hot, and scorches with a pointed Ray.
Don't, though alone, the Savage Tygers fear ;
Don't fear the Woods, a God will guard thee there.
No meaner God but I, whose awful hand (mand.
Heav'n's Scepter hold, and Lightning's rage com-
Think not to fly me ; (she began to fly)
And quickly pass'd fam'd *Lerna's* Pastures by ;
And soon *Lircean* shady Fields had past,
When *Jove* o're all a sudden darkness cast,
Obscur'd her passage, and restrain'd her flight,
And ravish'd her in that unnatural Night.
Juno at last looks down, and thinks it strange,
The Mid-day should to sudden Mid-night change.
She knew the Sun could n'er from Meers or Flouds
Raife such gross Vapours, such impervious Clouds :
Then looks about for *Jove*, for well she knew
How oft at lawless Game her Husband flew.

Not finding him, Or I'm deceiv'd, she cries,
Or I'm abus'd, straight from the bending Skies
She shoots to Earth, and clears the misty Air;
But cautious *Jove* of her approach aware;
Of *Iö* straight a lovely Heifer made,
And round the Plains the wanton Heifer play'd.
Juno, though vex'd, the Heifer's Beauty prais'd,
And soon a thousand needless Questions rais'd;
Whose Beast, or whence, or who the Herd might
own?

As if the truth she'd neither fear'd, nor known.
Jove with a Fiction stop'd her mouth, and swore
The neighb'ring Soil the pretty Creature bore.
Then *Juno* begg'd her at her Husband's hands;
Confus'd the god at her Petition stands;
What should he do? 'twas too too cruel sure
To let his Mistress *Juno*'s rage endure.
And should he such a trifling Boon deny,
'Twould re-enflame her ancient Jealousy.
Shame bids him give her, but more powerful Love
Strongly against the just Concession strove;

Shame

Shame got the day ; for what could *Jove* excuse,
Should he his Sister, and his Queen refuse?
His Tricks too open quickly would be laid,
And the fine Heifer be suppos'd a Maid.
Her wish obtain'd, the Goddess still appear'd
Suspicious, and her Husband's practice fear'd,
Till thence she to a *Arestor's* Son convey'd
Her charge, and him the watchful Keeper made.
Argus his Head a hundred Eyes possess,
But only two at once declin'd to rest ;
The other watch'd, and in a constant round
Refreshment in alternate courses found.
Where e're he turn'd, he always *Iö* view'd,
Iö he saw, though she behind him stood.
She feeds all day, but when the Sun declin'd,
Is hous'd, her Neck the Withs unworthy bind ;
On Leaves and Shrubs, and bitter Grass she feeds,
Drinks muddy Streams, and when a Bed she needs,
Lies on the ground, all cold, and hard, and bare.
When she'd her suppliant Arms to *Argus* rear,
What she'd to *Argus* rear, alas! she wants ;
Not words, but Lowing, vents her sad Complaints.

She, of her uncouth Voice's sound afraid,
Her Father's Banks, where oft before she play'd,
Recovers; in the Stream her Horns descries,
And from her wretched Self distracted flies.
Her Father's Nymphs their former Mate disown,
Nay she's to *Inachus* himself unknown.
She with her Father and her Sister goes,
Loves to be strok'd, and wondrous Tamefulness shews.
Old *Inachus* with Grass to feed her, stands,
She kisses oft, and licks his aged Hands ;
And weeps, and could she speak, for help her prayer
Would be, and she'd her Name and Fate declare.
Now only where her Foot impressiion made
The mark, her Name to *Inachus* betray'd.
Wretch that I am ! her tender Father cries,
Hangs on her Neck, and ecchoes to her sighs.
Wretch that I am ! he cries, so long have we
Made inquisition through the World for thee !
We've found thee now at last indeed, but so,
As only aggravates our former wo.
Thou'rt silent now, nor canst our words return,
But in deep Sighs, and gentle Lowings mourn.

Unthink-

Unthinking I, had found a Match for thee,
And hop'd for Heirs, and long Posterity ;
Now from the Herd must thou a Mate obtain,
Among the Herd, thy wretched Heirs remain.
Nor can Fate finish my extended Woes,
A Godhead now an Inconvenience grows.
Debarr'd from Death, Eternal Sorrows roll
With easeless Tortures in my wounded Soul.
While thus her Father vents his mournful Loves,
Argus his Charge to other Fields removes;
Then mounts a lofty Hill, and thence surveys
Her wandring motions, and her restless ways.

But now Heav'ns Monarch, whose superior care
No longer could his *Iö's* Sufferings bear,
Calls *Maja's* Son, and to his Care commits
The death of *Argus* ; straight his Wings he fits
About his heels, and in his pow'rful hand
Takes up his wondrous sleep-creating Wand ;
Puts his wing'd Bonnet on, and swiftly flies
To th' lower World, down from his Father's Skies ;
Lays by his Bonnet there, and Wings, but keeps
His Wand, the Parent of resistless Sleeps.

His

His stolen Flocks like some poor Shepherd feeds,
Who solaces his Toils on tuneful Reeds.

Argus was with the novel sound alarm'd ;
The warbling Whistle *Juno's* Herds-man charm'd,
Come here, says he, and on this Mossy Stone
Repose my Friend ! these fruitful Plains alone
Would tempt a Swain, and this delightful shade
To cool poor Shepherds was by Nature made.

Mercury sits him down, and spends the day
(Half gone before) in wild discourse and play ;
And with his Pipe's bewitching Musick tries
With sleep to close the Keeper's wakeful Eyes.
He tries to put the downy Witchcraft by,
And, though half clos'd his Luminaries lye,
Half watch ; And he the Pipe's late Rife inquires,
And all the Tale how first 'twas made, desires ;

When thus the God : Among the Mountains
Which sweet *Arcadia's* flowry Plains enfold, (cold
Among the *Sylvane* Nymphs was *Syrinx* fair,
A lovely Maid, and of a charming Aire.
Oft would she from the Am'rous Satyrs fly,
And all the Gods of Woods and Fields defy ;

To chaste *Diana* she as chastly pray'd,
 And, tuck'd like Her, a Figure like her made.
 The Maid you'd hardly from the Goddess know,
 But by the Horny, and the Golden Bow.
 Nay, though distinguish'd so, you'd soon mistake.
 From the *Lycean* Hill returning back, (view'd
Pan, Crown'd with Pines, the Beaut'ous *Syrinx*
 And words had soon his kindling Loves pursu'd;
 But off she threw him with a scornful pride,
 And fled, till stopp'd by sandy *Ledon's* Tyde;
 Where, that she might avoid a lustful Rape, (shape.
 She begg'd her Sister Nymphs would change her
Pan thought he'd hugg'd his Mistress, when indeed
 He only hugg'd a Truss of *Moorish* Reed.
 He sighs, his sighs the tossing Reeds return
 In soft small Notes, like one that seem'd to mourn.
 The new, but pleasant Notes the God surprize,
 Yet this shall make us Friends at last, he cries,
 And so this Pipe of Reeds unequal fram'd
 With Wax, and *Syrinx* from his Mistress nam'd.
 Thus *Mercury* draws out his tedious Tale,
 And sees cold sleep on all his Eyes prevail;

He

He stops, and with his Magick Wand he strokes
His struggling Eyes, and deadly sleep provokes.
The long'd-for Conquest gain'd, without a pause,
The God at once his dreadful Faulchion draws,
Lops off his drowsy Head, and hurles it o're
The Rock, still spotted with the crimson Gore.
There *Argus* lies; and all that wondrous Light
Which gave his hundred Eyes their useful sight,
Lies buried now in one Eternal Night.

But *Juno* that she might his Eyes retain,
Soon fix'd 'em in her Peacock's gaudy Train.

But now enrag'd, she all her vengeance turns
On *Iö's* Head; at her Her fury burns.

The Heifer straight She with a Gad-fly stings;
Away like mad through all the World she flings,
Till *Nile's* fam'd Banks the wretched Wanderer
stay'd,

On those fair Banks she kneel'd, and there she pray'd,
Her Eyes quite drown'd with Tears, her mournful
Made all her Sorrows to her Master known. (Tone
She seem'd as if she'd with her Tears complain
Of her hard Fate, and undeserved Pain.

Her

Her lifted Eyes, *Jove's* kinder thoughts implore,
And beg she may be thus abus'd no more.

Around his *Juno's* Neck his Arms he throws,
And then intreats she'd end poor *Iō's* woes ;
Fear not, she ne're shall more disturbance make,
Says he, and seals it by the *Stygian* Lake.

The Goddess yields, and she her former face
Regains, and Woman takes the Heifer's place.
Her Body's smooth'd, she casts her spacious Horns ;
An Eye proportion'd well, her Brow adorns.
Her Mouth grows less, her Feet and Hands again
Return, and Nails for solid Hoofs remain.

Nothing of Heifer now the Nymph can shew,
But a clean shape and Skin more white than Snow.
Two Feet can bear her now, but still she fears,
Lest her old bellowing Tone should grate her Ears.
Softly she tries her Voice's former sound,

Now with *Egyptian* Adorations crown'd.

She *Epaphus*, *Jove's* sacred Issue, bore;
Whom with his Mother all the Towns adore.
To him in Spirit equal, and in Years,
Son of the Sun, bold *Phaeton* appears.

With

With haughty Language, and with equal state,
He'd proud of his Illustrious Father prate.
This *Iō's* Son disdain'd ; And what, said he,
Can *Clymene* impose so far on thee ?
She only talks to sooth thy youthful Pride,
And would her Shame with gay Pretences hide.
The blushing Boy with shame his Rage abates ;
But to his Mother straight th' affront relates.
And what will grieve you more, says he ? 'twas I,
'Twas I, the Bold, the Fierce, stood silent by,
Blush'd at the bold reproach, was hush'd and mute,
Nor could the Scandal of his Talk refute.
If I'm from Heav'n indeed, give me on Earth
Unquestion'd Tokens of my Heavenly Birth.
He spoke, and round her Neck his Arms he threw,
Begg'd by his own, and *Merop's* Head, she'd shew
Some certain mark of his undoubted Sire,
And by his Sister's hop'd-for Nuptial fire ;
Whether by *Phaëton's* Entreaties mov'd,
Or vex'd to be for such a Crime reprov'd.
She rais'd her Arms in passion toward the Skies,
And on the Sun fix'd her undaunted Eyes ;

By

By that great Light, says she, whose fiery Streams
 Shoot down to Earth with hot refulgent Beams,
 By him who sees and hears us all, I swear (Year,
 That Sun who warms the World, and guides the
 That Sun's thy Father; if I forge or feign,
 May he from me his vital Beams restrain:
 My last, dear Son, may this curs'd minute be,
 If I wrong'd Him, or e're impos'd on Thee.
 Not far from hence his glorious Palace stands,
 His rising borders on our Native Lands;
 If thy great Spirit dares attempt it, go,
 Ask him, and from himself thy Birthright know.
 Brisk with his Mother's words, bold *Phaëton*
 Grasps at the Skies, and catches at the Sun;
 And *Æthiopia* soon, and *India* past,
India too near his scorching influence cast,
 He reach'd his Father's blushing Rise at last.

The SECOND BOOK.

The Argument of the Second Book.

Phaëton's *Access to the Palace of the Sun his Father*; from whom, as a Pledge of his Divine Original, he obtains the guidance of the Solar Chariot for one day. He sets the World on fire. The Æthiopians then turn'd Blacks. Phaëton's Fall and Death lamented by his Sisters, and his Kinsman Cygnus, who is transform'd to a Swan; the Sisters to Poplar Trees. Jupiter's Descent to Earth after the Conflagration: In his Progress he falls in love with Calisto; enjoys her by assuming Diana's likeness. Juno enrag'd, transforms Calisto into a Bear. Her Son Arcas, being about to shoot her in that Shape, is prevented by Jupiter's translating both up to the Stars. Juno's complaint there-upon to Oceanus. She's carried up to Heaven by her Peacocks, whose Trains were newly beautifi'd with Argus's hundred Eyes. As the Crow was likewise lately chang'd from black to white (for not taking warning of the Daw, who recited both her's and Nyctemene's Transformations) upon her informing Phœbus of his Mistress's Falseness to him. Ocyroë, the Daughter of Chiron, having predicted the Fates of Æsculapius, and her Father, is turn'd into a Mare: Chiron (Father of Æsculapius) invokes Apollo's Aid in vain. Apollo being then turn'd Herdsman, and so taken up with an Amour, that he neglected his very Herds, gave Mercury opportunity to steal away his Oxen. Battus only conscious to the Theft, is circumvented by Mercury, and chang'd into a Touch-stone. Mercury passing from thence into Attica, enjoys Herse, the Daughter of Cecrops. Aglaurus, through envy of her Sister Herse's happiness, becomes petrifi'd; Mercury afterwards sent by Jupiter to drive Agenor's Oxen to the Sea-side; where Jupiter, assuming the Shape of a Bull, transports Europa over the Cretan Sea.

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THE Sun's great Hall, on lofty Columns rais'd,
 With burnish'd Gold and sparkling Rubies
 The Roof a Cieling of pure Iv'ry grac'd, (blaz'd;
 The folding Doors with silver Plates o'recast;
 The Ground was rich, but the wise Graver's Hand
 With nobler Art did every Eye command;
 There *Vulcan* with a curious Fancy shew'd (flow'd,
 Huge Seas, which round the Earth's vast Compass
 And the blew Skies about the massive Globe be-
 flow'd.

He made the Seas by their own gods possess'd,
 Shrill *Triton*, changing *Proteus*, and the rest.
Egeon lolling on a Monstrous Whale,
 And the bright Nymphs in genuine motions all;
 Some rode on Billows with a careless pride,
 Others on Rocks, their Sea-green Tresses dry'd;
 Some back'd a Dolphin; lovely all, and fair,
 And like, as Sisters, in their Shape and air. (Woods,
 The Earth had Men, and Towns, and Beasts, and
 And Rural Gods, and pretty Nymphs and Floods:

The whole Design a glorious Heav'n embrac'd,
 And on the opening Door's right Leaf were plac'd
 Six heav'nly Signs, the rest the adverse Folding
 grac'd.

When the bold Boy the vast Ascent had gain'd,
 Where his Illustrious doubtful Father reign'd,
 He saw quick beams of a prodigious Light
 Shoot forth, and guided by the wondrous sight,
 With distant looks survey'd his radiant Face;
 The sacred lustre of that awful Place
 Forbad a nearer view; the lofty Throne
 With Gems mysterious and transparent shone:
 The God himself One mighty Glory shows;
 The Royal Purple from his Shoulders flows.
 On either hand a noble Court appears
 Of equal Hours, and Days, and Months, and Years
 The Spring stands by with flowry Garlands drest;
 Hot Summer too, with weighty Sheaves oppress;
 And Autumn all with blood of Grapes besmear'd,
 And hoary Winter with his grisly Beard.

Th' all-seeing Sun through all the crowd descri'd
 The trembling Youth with wonders stupifi'd;

And what, said he, what brings thee here, dear Boy,
Thy Mother's Honour, and thy Father's Joy?

To whom encourag'd *Phaëton* repli'd,
O thou whose quickning beams are scatter'd wide
O're the vast Universe, Immortal Sire!

If we may to that sacred Birth aspire;
If by no false pretence of your great Name
Ambitious *Clymene* conceal'd her shame;
Be kind, and our disputed Birth-right prove
By some sure Pledges of a Father's Love! (down

He pray'd. The God with gentle smiles laid
The dazzling flames of his refulgent Crown;
Then call'd him up, and with a fond embrace;
Dear Youth, the Pride of our Immortal Race,
Thy Mein, said he, thy Spirit's all Divine;
Nor art thou more my *Clymene's*, than mine:
Ask any proof my Boy, 'tis thine, I swear
By that black *Stygian* Lake, whose Waters hear
Our fateful Oath. Heav'n fears those mystic Streams,
Though dark and invious to our strongest Beams.
He scarce had ended, when the great-Soul'd Boy,
Wrapt with the furies of immoderate joy,

Lend me, he cry'd, your Chariot, grant I may
Once guide your Steeds, and give the World a Day.

Struck with his own past-Oath, and all amaz'd,
The tender Father on the Stripling gaz'd ;
A thousand Sorrows pierc'd his careful Breast,
A thousand Sighs his Penitence express :
Sev'n times he his illustrious Tresses shook,
And thus at last with well-weigh'd Passion spoke.

'Twas this alone I could refuse a Son,
Else by's *own* Wish, and our rash Oath undone.
Thy Love, poor hapless Youth, thy Looks betray'd
My luckless Tongue ; unwary Fondness made
The fatal Promise ; O retract it now !
Retract thy Wish, and I can keep my Vow !
Think *Phaëton*, think o're thy wild Desires ! (quires.
That Work more Years, and greater Strength re-
Confine thy Thoughts to thy own humbler Fate ;
What thou wouldst have, becomes no mortal State.
Tho Gods themselves with their own *fulness* please,
And live in perfect Bliss, and perfect Ease,
None yet but I could e're pretend to guide
These Steeds, or o're the lightsome Day preside.

Nay,

Nay, our Almighty *Jove*, whose dreadful Hand
Does rapid Flames and thundring Clouds command,
Ne're thought himself for our Employment fit,
Yet all to his Superior Pow'r submit.

The Road begins with craggy Hills and steep,
Where our fresh Steeds can scarce their footsteps
keep,

While clambring upwards; their Meridian height
Makes me to tremble at the dreadful sight.

While Seas and Earth deep, wondrous deep below,
Like some small Point at that unfathomable distance
Their Evening Course is Precipices all, (show.
And only steddied Reins prevent the fall
Of Chariot, Horse and Charioteer; even I,

Who ev'ry night in *Tethys* Bosome lie,
Oft makes her fear, lest tumbling head-long down,
I should not Sleep to close the day, but Drown.

Besides, the rapid Orbs are daily whirl'd
With all the Stars around the Central World;
But I unmov'd with that impetuous Force
Athwart 'em all drive with a constant Course,

Couldst thou, suppose the Chariot thine, couldst
Cross both the Poles, or make their Axes bow? (thou
Perhaps thou dreamst that Groves and Cities grow,
Stately and rich Above, as yours Below,
Poor childish Thoughts! alas fierce Monsters there
In Ambuscade on every hand appear. (way,

Shouldst thou drive right, and never miss the
And promise fair to give the usual day, (quite;
The *Centaur's* Shape and Bow would dash thee
The Bull's sharp Horns would more enhance the
Fright;

Thou'dst fear the furious Lyon's threatening Jaws;
The Crab's, and the black Scorpion's dreadful
Claws. (Hand,

Nor, when they'r hot and fret, can thy weak
(Or scarcely mine) these fiery Steeds command,
They long for the wild range of all the Sky,
And horrid Flames from their wide Nostrils fly.
Exact not then, dear Son, the fatal Boon;
Thy Wish is past, but thou canst change it soon;
A Pledge thou begst for of a Father's Love,
These very Fears a Father's kindness prove;

Observe

Observe my Looks, my mournful Looks will show
A Father's tenderness; O couldst thou know
Those mighty Cares which now distract my Breast,
A Parent's Love would need no surer Test!

Consider then, search the wide World around,
Can nothing there that's good or great be found?

Glut all th' Ambition of thy towering Soul,
I'll grant its utmost wish without controul,
Retract, but this; which, should I grant, would be
No Honour, but a fatal Grant for thee.

Why are thy flattering Arms so fondly thrown
About my Neck? poor thoughtless Youth! I own
My Oath by those dark *Stygian* Waves is past,
And should be kept, couldst thou grow wise at last.

Here *Phæbus* ends. But such Discourse was vain,
For as great Souls reflect with deep disdain
On those cold fears which bloodless Age inspires,
And mighty Dangers raise their vast Desires;
Glory's their Prize, and with a God-like heat
They'l cope with Monsters to be Fam'd and great;
So *Phaëton*, with these grave Tales inflam'd,
His Sire's irrevocable Promise claim'd.

His thoughts were fill'd with great Atchievements
And glanc'd with scorn on the terraqueous Ball. (all,
He laugh'd at all those Heav'nly Monsters feign'd ;
And gaudy Hopes his Fancy entertain'd
To weild the lofty Empire of the Sky,
And grasp at Universal Immortality.
With anxious fears his careful Father saw
His Resolutions, and assay'd to draw
The last advantages from lingring Time,
And give him leisure to repent his Crime.
But hopes were vain : Tho loth, he leads the Boy
Toward the bright Object of his Youthful Joy ;
The Chariot fram'd by *Vulcan's* artful Hand,
And Gift, did on its golden Axis stand.
Gold was the Beam ; the Wheel's last circle Gold,
On equal Spokes of Massive Silver roll'd ;
The Harness all with costly Stones enchas'd, (cast.
Which Back the Sun's bright beams with equal lustre
While the bold Youth with wondring Joy sur-
vey'd
The glorious Work, the watchful Morn display'd

Her purple Gates with blushing Roses drest
Beneath the lowest Quarters of the East ;
The ralli'd Stars commanded, disappear,
And *Lucifer* their Captain clos'd the Rear.

But now when *Phæbus* saw the Air o'respread
With the soft curling shades of chearful Red,
And the pale Moon with her decreasing Light
Contract her Horns, and vanish from the sight ;
He bids the Hours his fiery Steeds prepare ;
The Goddesses with swift and early care
Down from the lofty Stalls his Horses lead,
Inspir'd with Flames, and with *Ambrosia* fed ;
Then put their Traces on with golden Reins ;
While the kind God with ineffectual pains
A Flame-resisting Unguent largely shed
Around his mortal Son's *impatient* Head ;
Then his curl'd Locks with radiant Glories drest ;
And thus with ominous sighs a Father's cares ex-
Here, Son, at least to our Advice submit, (preſt.
And spare the Lash, but strongly draw the Bit ;
With an impetuous haste they cut their way,
And scarce my Hand, though strongly curb'd, obey.

Drive

Drive not right o're the *Æquinoctial* Line ;
For where bright Stars in perfect Figures shine,
There lies a beaten Road, an easy way,
Where Chariot-Wheels their ancient Tracts display,
The *Zodiac* call'd ; which all obliquely winds,
And to the Northward *Cancer's* Tropic finds ;
Southward to that of *Capricorn* it rolls,
At equal distance still from both the Poles :
There drive, the Tract will almost guide the Wheel ;
But that both Heav'n and Earth may duly feel
An equal heat, drive neither high nor low,
But steady through the midmost Regions go ;
The Serpent to the Right, with care decline.
And to the left avoid the Altar-Sign ;
The middle Way's the safest, and the best.
To Fortune's Conduct I submit the rest ;
May She propitious prove, and kind to thee,
More than thy wish ! but while we talk here, see
The Night's last Shades before the Dawn are flown,
The Morning calls us, and we must be gone ;
Up, take the Reins ; or, could thy thoughts refuse
Our Chariot, and our kinder Counsels use,

Ne'er

Ne'er tempt thy Fate, but here securely stay,
And leave my stronger Arm to guide the Day.

But *Phaëton* by lofty hopes possess'd,
The burning Seat with Youthful vigour prest;
With nimble hands those heavy Reins he weigh'd,
And thanks unpleasing to his Father pay'd.

While his fond words elude his Father's care,
A peal of fiery Neighs enflame the Air.
Swift Spitfire, Dragon, Thunder, Blazing Star,
The Sun's hot Steeds, attack that weighty Bar
Which stops their Course, till *Tethys* gives them way,
(Her luckless Nephew's Fate unknown) but They,
When the wide World before their Feet they view'd
With winged haste their airy Course pursu'd,
Cut yielding Clouds, and quickly left behind
The earlier Freshes of the Eastern Wind.

But the fierce Horses mis'd their wonted Freight,
And scarce could feel his lightly jumping Weight;
As some tall Ship without her Ballast rolls,
Which every Billow check, and every Wave controls,
She reels and staggers o'er the dancing Waves,
Till some blind Rock the foundring Vessel staves;

So

So the Wild Steeds the bounding Chariot threw
From Cloud to Cloud, and o'er rough Mountains
flew. (rage

They found their Driver, and with Headstrong
Broke out, and soon in trackless Air engage ;
He frighted, knew not how to bend the Rein,
And, had he known, his little Strength was vain.
The foaming Beasts despis'd their Drivers hand,
And soon threw off his Impotent Command.

Then first the greater Bear, benumm'd before,
Grew hot, and vainly toward the Ocean bore.
The harmless Snake, once stiff with Northern cold,
Grew mad with heat, and formidably roll'd ;
And dull Bootes with his lazy Team
Scamper'd, half melted by the scorching gleam.
But when poor hapless *Phaëton*, dismay'd,
From Heav'ns high Arch the lower World survey'd,
All pale and trembling at the dismal sight,
His Eyes quite dazl'd with immoderate Light,
He wish'd h'had left his Father's Steeds alone,
His Wish ungranted, and his Birth unknown ;

He

He wish'd poor *Merops* had his Father prov'd,
Himself less vain, his Mother less belov'd.
He's hurri'd now, like some weak Pinnacle torn
By breaking Waves, and ruffling Storms o'erborn,
When the sad Pilot, spent and hopeless, quits
The Helm, and all to Heav'n and Pray'rs commits.
What should he do? Huge Tracts before, behind
He sees, and measures with his lab'ring mind;
The East, the distant West his Eyes run o'er,
And the vast prospect but confounds him more;
Quite stunn'd, he neither holds nor quits the Reins,
Nor knows his Horses Tempers, nor their Names,
But trembling sees the Wonders of the Sky,
And Monstrous Shapes in every quarter lye.
There is a place where the black Scorpion bends
His crooked Claws, and through two Signs extends.
The Boy observ'd his dreadful Sting thrust out,
And from its point black Poysons thrown about;
Down fell the Reins, his Fingers di'd with fear,
Nor could his heart the dreadful Vision bear.

But when the Coursers found their Heads were
Nor Curb, nor Bit, restrain'd their Liberty; (free,
Aloft

Aloft their Nostrils breathing Flames they tost ;
Then mad, and all their Sense of Order lost ;
Through unfrequented airy Coasts they fly,
And rake the unknown Regions of the Sky ;
Up towards the fix'd Stars they force their way,
Where Suns were needless to enlarge the Day ;
Now upward all they soar ; now headlong down
Some Precipice the rapid Wheels are thrown ;
Down towards our Earth they sink ; the Moon
amaz'd,

On her descending Brother's Horses gaz'd.
The flying Clouds evaporate with Heat,
And highest Grounds by an unnatural Sweat,
Breathe out their Native Moisture, and divide
With horrid Clefts and Chinks on every side.
The hoary Fields grow white before their time,
And sappy Trees scorch in their Vernal prime.
The large Corn-fields like Tinder catch the Fire,
And their own Loss, with their own Flames conspire

But these are trifles ; lofty Cities burn,
And mighty Nations all to Cinders turn ,

Tall Woods about their glowing Mountains blaze;
Athos, *Cilician Taurus*, *Imolus* raise
Thick Clouds of Smoke; *Aëta* and *Ida* too,
Her Springs exhausted, like huge Beacons shew;
Sweet *Helicon*, and *Hemus* harmless yet,
And raging *Ætna* burns with double heat.
Two topt *Parnassus*, *Eryx*, *Cynthus* glow,
Othrys and *Rhodope* now stript of Snow;
Mimas and *Mycæ*, *Cithæron* fam'd
For sacred Rites, and *Phrygian Hermus* flam'd.
Not *Caucasus*, with *Scythian* Snows embrac'd,
And lasting Cold, escap'd the fiery waft.
Pindus and *Ossa* with *Olympus*, bright
With circling Gleams, reflect a dismal Light.
And the cold *Alps*, and clouded *Apennine*,
With the same desolating Lustre shine.

When *Phæton* thus saw the blazing World,
And horrid Fires through every Region hurl'd,
Half scorch'd, half chok'd, he breath'd out burning
His Seat grew hot, nor could he longer bear (Air,
The Sparks and scalding Ashes whirling round,
But pitchy Clouds his shatter'd thoughts confound;

He

He nothing sees nor knows, but where they please
The furious Horses hurry him with ease.

It's thought that fiery Season outwards drew
Their Blood, and caus'd the Negro's sable Hew;
That *Lybia* then a barren Wild became,
And lost her Springs to feed the thirsty Flame.
The Nymphs with Hair dishevel'd, all bewail'd
Their uncouth Fate when Lakes and Fountains
Baotia lost her *Dirce*, *Argos* too (fail'd;
Her *Amyone*, nor could *Corinth* shew
The Muses springs: Nor were vast Rivers sav'd,
Which the wide Banks with crouding Waters lav'd.

Caicus felt the Suns approaching Beams,
And *Tanais* smok'd in his own cold Streams;
Ismene smok'd, and old *Arcadia's* Flood,
And *Xanthus* first a raging Fire withstood;
Yellow *Lycormas* reek'd, *Maander* tri'd,
Could he his Head in endless windings hide:
These heats *Eurotas* into Vapours rais'd,
Orontes hiss'd, and broad *Euphrates* blaz'd;
Melas and *Ganges*, *Phasis*, *Ister* too,
Grew scalding hot, and scorch'd *Alpheus* through.

His

His headlong Streams down thro' dark Vaults below,
For safety deep beneath the Seas to flow :
(Some say 'twas done for *Arethusa's* sake,
But Poets oft from truth the Fables take.)
On swift *Spherchius* Banks the Fire took hold,
And burning *Tagus* flow'd with Liquid Gold.
The snowy Swans in hot *Cayster* fry'd,
Sung sweetly their own Obsequies, and dy'd.

The *Nile* by uncouth Fears and Terrors led ;
In undiscover'd Lands conceal'd his Head ;
Left all his Channels choak'd with burning Sand ;
And Dearth bequeath'd to *Egypt's* wealthy Land.
Nor could the *Thracian Hebrus* scape the same,
And *Strymon* perish'd in the dreadful Flame ;
The *Rhine* and *Rhone* were waisted, and the *Po* ;
And *Tiber* where the God's eternal Empire owe.
The dismal Gleams shot thro' the rending Ground,
Grim *Pluto*, and his dusky Queen confound ;
The Sea contracts his Waves, and sandy Fields ;
Ne're seen before, his spacious Bosom yields :
New Rocks and undiscover'd Hills appear ,
And little Islands scatter'd every where.

The Fish dive deep; nor could the Dolphins play
On the hot Billows of the boiling Sea:
Along the Beach the parboil'd Sea-calves lay
Dying and dead; and *Nereus* too, they say,
With *Doris* and her Daughters lurk'd beneath
In hollow Caves, tho now too warm, for breath.
Thrice furious *Neptune* rais'd his Shoulders bare
Above the Waves, but thrice the glowing Air
Check'd the presuming God, and forc'd him down
In his own restless Deeps in vain to frown.

But Mother Earth, whom circling Seas embrace,
To whose dark Womb the frighted Springs apace
Retir'd, with anguish rais'd her reverend Head,
Her Face all parch'd, her Colour pale and dead;
With her large Hand she veil'd her aged Brows,
And sunk a little with Convulsive throws.

Then with a clammy Tongue thus weakly spoke,

If mighty *Jove*, if unknown Crimes provoke
Thy sleeping Vengeance, and this please thee, why
Don't thy own Flames, and pointed Lightnings fly
At my curst Head? If thou my Fate command,
I'll fall content beneath thy pow'rful Hand;

Let *thy* revenging Thunders strike the blow ;
These Sufferings shameful from their Author grow
Scarce can I speak (hot Smoke her Voice repress)
See how ignoble Flames my Brows invest !
I live in blindness, and in silence choke,
O'rewhelm'd with Ashes, and oppress'd with Smoke.
Yet to the World a thousand Fruits I bring ,
And with a thousand Beauties crown the Spring.
My patient Bosom yearly feels the Plough,
And to the torturing Harrow-tines I bow.
For all my Pains is this the glorious Meed ?
These my Rewards, because I kindly feed
Both Men and Cattle, and perfume the Skies
With those sweet Odours which from Incense rise ?

But grant I merit worse, yet *Neptune* sure
Might for *his* Seas a gentler Fate procure ;
Why should a Brother's Empire wasted lie ?
Himself too, banish'd farther from the Sky.
If neither He, nor I, for help prevail,
Look to thy Heaven, thy lofty Throne may fail.
See how thick Smoke, and sparkling Cinders role
About the *Southern* and the *Northern* Pole!

If they take Fire, yon Starry Courts must fall
At once, and one vast Ruin swallow all.

Poor *Atlas* bath'd in dying Sweats appears,

And scarce with pain his fiery Burthen bears :

If Seas, if Earth, if Heav'n it self must burn,

Back to their Ancient Chaos All return ;

Help then, great Father, help the World ! make haste

Before our hopes, our utmost hopes are past !

So much she spoke, but could no longer bear

The stifling Vapours of the sultry Air,

Into her self then drew her sacred Head

Down towards the cooler Mansions of the Dead.

But *Jove* affected with her Pray'rs, appeal'd

To all the Gods, nay, to Himself, who held

His Son so dear, that if no helps were found,

One horrid Fate must every thing surround.

Then to the highest Arch he bent his way,

Where once his Stores of Rains and Thunders lay,

But found the Clouds consum'd, nor could prepare

New Waters there to cool the burning Air.

Then thundring loud, back to his Ear he drew

His dreadful Hand, and steady Lightning threw

At

At the blind Charioteer, whose downfal shew'd
His Death ; so Flames devouring Flames subdu'd.

The Horses, frighted with the thund'ring stroke, •
Plung'd off, and in a thousand pieces broke
The Chariots costly Frame ; rich Harness here,
And sparkling Reins, and bossy Bits appear ;
Here lay the Axtree, there the Spokes ; the Beam,
The sacred Relicks of the Golden Team,
Torn by the furious Steeds, at random fly,
Scatter'd through every Quarter of the Sky.

But *Phaëton*, struck down, with blazing Hair,
Shot through the Regions of the dusky Air.
Like those thin Meteors which we fancy move,
With rapid Course through various Orbs above,
Till through clear Tracts illuminated all
We see, at least we think we see, they fall.

The *Po*, far from his Native Country, took, (Brook.
And wash'd the bloated Corps in his half-wasted

The River-Nymphs his blasted Corps inhume,
And fix these Verses on his Marble Tomb ;

' Here lies the Boy, who tho too weak to guide
' His Father's Steeds, yet bravely daring dy'd.

The wretched Sire, obscur'd his mournful Face,
And let one Day (it's so reported) pass

- Without the Sun, while Conflagrations made
A Day and Light for Burnings past repaid.
But when poor *Clymene* had said what e're
A tender Mothers Passion rais'd could bear,
Sad, wild, and with her mighty Woes forlorn,
Her Face disfigur'd, and her Vestments torn;
O're all the desolated Earth she rov'd,
To find His Body whom she fondly lov'd:
Those hopes she lost, but still his Bones she sought,
She found his Bones, by strange misfortune brought
To foreign Shores; When on his Tomb she read
The fatal Character, fresh Tears she shed;
Fell on the Marble, and renew'd her moan,
• And with her Bosom warm'd the senseless Stone.
His Sisters too bewail his hasty fate,
And streams of Tears devoutly consecrate
To his lov'd Name; with cruel Hands they rend
Their own soft Bosoms; Day or Night no end
They find for endless Woes; and still they call
On *Phaëton*, dear *Phaëton*! but all

Their

She broke their tender Boughs, their Boughs around
 Shed purple drops from every bleeding Wound ;
 Spare me, dear Mother, cries the wounded Maid ;
 Spare me, dear Mother ; while she bled, she pray'd ;
 We feel the Wounds you give, fare—as she spoke,
 The closing Bark her dying Accents broke ; (show,
 The Trees weep still , and those rich Tears they
 Condenc'd by Sunbeams, precious Amber grow ;
 Which toward our Shores on rousing Surges born,
 Are still by noblest *Roman* Beauties worn.

Cygnus, the Son of *Sthenelus*, was there,
 By Birthright much, but more by Friendship dear
 To *Phaëthon* ; He in *Liguria* reign'd,
 And Pop'lous Realms in wealthy peace maintain'd ;
 But now he laid his irksome Scepter down,
 And for his Friends dear sake resign'd his Crown.
 On *Po's* green Banks, among his kindred Groves,
 As the kind Melancholic *Cygnus* roves.
 His strong deep Voice to small soft Notes consumes,
 And silver Hairs give place to silver Plumes :
 A long white Neck shoots from his downy Breast ;
 His Toes unite, his Sides fair Wings invest ;

A broad blunt Bill succeeds his Lips ; the Man
So gently slides into a silver Swan.
But still *Jov's* Lightning glitters in his Eyes ;
He still distrusts him, and abhors the Skies ;
Broad Pools and spacious Lakes his Brood desire,
And strive in Waters to avoid the Fire.

But *Phæbus*, of his Darling robb'd, gives o'er
His thoughts to Sorrows, and regards no more
Those Beauties which adorn'd his looks before ;
As when some dire Eclipse obscures his Face,
And gloomy Horror strikes a guilty Race ;
So dull, so dark he looks, he hates the Days,
And hates himself, and hates his lightsome Rays,
With sullen Rage his wasting Grief supplies,
And to the frighted World his Beams denies.

Enough, said he, enough we've toil'd of old,
And restless Pains for restless Malice sold.
Let now some stronger hand the Chariot drive,
While I obscur'd in Clouds and darkness live !
If You refuse, let your great Master try,
Or cast for shame his murth'ring Thunders by ;

The Jades perhaps may make his Godship know,
The Boy, tho weak, deserv'd a softer blow.

Thus *Phæbus* talks, while all the Gods engage
With gentlest words to mitigate his Rage;
They beg he would not leave the guiltless World
In endless Night, and Desolations hurl'd.

Jove begs his Pardon, nor Intreaties spares,
But mixes Kingly Menaces with Pray'rs.

The God catch'd up his Steeds; his furious look
Spoke Grief and Rage; the dreadful Whip he shook
And while he rates and cuts, the trembling Jades
He with his Son's unhappy loss upbraids.

Almighty *Jove* now walks the Heav'nly round,
To see could any Breach or Flaws be found
Caus'd by the late Combuſtions; but when all
Prov'd sound above, his next kind Moments fall
On our Terraqueous Globe; above the rest
His own Arcadia strikes his careful Breast. (Shores
The Springs and Brooks lost to their parching
For fear, He to their Ancient Streams restores;
Gives Grass and Leaves again their verdant hues,
And shady Woods and Forest-Greens renews.

While

While thus He comes, and goes, a lovely Maid,
Arcadia's Pride, his easy Soul betray'd ;
His Eyes dwelt on her, and his Heart bereav'd
Of rest, a thousand hopes and flames conceiv'd.

No Spinster she, nor gay, nor nicely drest,
But her loose Garb a careless Grace exprest ;
Her Locks scarce ti'd, as negligently flow ;
Her hand still grasp'd some polish'd Dart or Bow,
A Huntress bold, of chaste *Diana's* Train,
Nor could a nearer Favourite retain
To her *Manalian* Pleasures, *but we see*
In Favourites Fortune's Instability.

High Noon was past, when in a Grove's cool shade
She loos'd her Bow, and down her Shafts she laid ;
Her Head did on her painted Quiver rest,
And the soft Grass her wear'd Body prest.
Jove saw the wear'd Virgin left alone ;
And sure, said he, this sure may scape unknown.
Or should I meet my Jealous Spouse's Eyes,
I'd face her Anger for so sweet a Prize.

Strait he assumes *Diana's* Garb and Face ;
And what, my Dear, says he, what happy Place
Enjoy'd

Enjoy'd thy envi'd Sports this live-long day ?
She humbly quits the Grass on which she lay ;
Dear Goddess, hail, said she, more dear than *Jove*,
More great, more charming, more deserving Love !

Jove smil'd to hear her kind mistake, and prest
Her Crimson Lips, and Snowy panting Breast
With glowing Kisses ; and when e'er the Maid,
To tell her pleasant Forest-Tales assay'd ;
He stay'd her Speech with such a wanton heat,
As Virgin Lips till then could ne'er repeat.
And such impressions on her Virtues made,
As both his Godship and his Sex betray'd :
Ah ! had but *Juno* poor *Calisto* seen,
The sight had conquer'd her revengeful Spleen ;
When faint and breathless, but in vain, she strove,
For what, poor Maid, could baffle lustful *Jove* ?

The lecherous God triumphant mounts the
Skies ;
But she the conscious Groves and Forests flies ;
Away she hurries, but distracted so,
Sh'had almost lost her painted Shafts and Bow.

When

When the true Goddess with her Train appear'd
On lofty *Manalus*, *Calisto* fear'd
'Twas *Jove* again, and from her Call withdrew;
But when the Game, and her old Mates she knew,
And fear'd no cheat, with a suspicious air
And down-cast looks, she'd to her Friends repair.
How oft the look betrays the guilty mind!
Musing and silent now she lags behind.
Her blushes show'd her Virgin sweetness gone,
Diana too, if not a Maid, had known
Her fault, but all the simp'ring smiling Crew,
'Twas thought, their guilty Sister's failure knew.

Nine Months were past, when faint with Summer's heat,

The Goddess finds a cooler Grove's retreat,
Where a small Brook with Popler-shaded, slides,
And o'er smooth Stones with pretty Murmurs
chides.

She lik'd the Place, her Foot she gently drew
O'er the cool Stream, the cool Stream pleas'd her too.
Let's strip, and wash, said she, for sure this shade
For Vigin-Sports, and Privacy, was made.

Calisto

Calisto blush'd, the Rest at her command
 Stript quickly, only She was at a stand ;
 But her officious Mates soon disarray'd
 Their lingring Sister, and her Crime display'd.

At Her strange Fate amaz'd, she vainly tri'd
 With both her Hands her swelling Womb to hide ;
 Hence, hence, polluted Wretch, the Goddess cries,
 These Streams profane not, nor our chaster Eyes.
 Fierce *Juno* too, who long had known her Crime,
 But stay'd her Vengeance to a fitter time ;
 That time now came, and to provoke her more,
Calisto now the jolly *Arcas* bore.

Heav'n's Queen saw this, and This alone remain'd,
 Said she, the World must now be entertain'd
 With such a Strumpet's Brood ! thy Bastard Race
 Must publish *Juno's* Wrongs, and *Jove's* Disgrace.
 Look for Revenge, I'll quickly change that shape,
 Those charming Beauties which could tempt a Rape.

She spoke, and in her Hair she twin'd her hands,
 And drag'd her prostrate fiercely o're the Sands.
 Her Snowy Arms the Wretch for mercy rear'd,
 Black, hairy, rough, her Snowy Arms appear'd.

Her

Her Hands Divinely white, were turn'd to Paws;
 Her Fingers, and her shining Nails, to Claws.
 Her lovely Face; which drew a God to Sin,
 Was all deform'd by a prodigious Grin,
 And left soft Pray'rs should bend her furious mind,
 She took her Speech, and a rough Note assign'd.
 Hoarse, threatening, terrible; but tho' a Bear,
 Signs still in her of humane Thoughts appear;
 With deep-drawn Sighs she now attests her Woes,
 And toward the Stars her wretched Paws she
 Oft on ingrateful *Jove* reflects, and tho' (throws,
 She could not call him, she believes him so.
 Oft, of the solitary Woods afraid,
 About her House, about her Fields, she stray'd.
 Oft o're rough Rocks before the Dogs she'd ply,
 And, once a Huntress, now from Huntsmen fly.
 Oft she her self from wilder Brutes obscur'd,
 And, tho' a Bear, no other Bears endur'd.
 Her self forgetting, prouling Wolves she fear'd,
 When her own Father led the Savage Herd.

One day her Son, a lusty Stripling grown,
 In hunting meets his Mother-Bear unknown,

While

While through the Forest Lawns for Game he beats,
She knew her Son, but he with fear retreats.

(Tho' wondring at her steddly gentle Eyes)

His Hand then to his fatal Spear applies.

Jove stop'd his Hand, and with a winged blast,

In upper Skies his dear Relations plac't.

Where now from Sorrows freed, and all Divine,

In neighb'ring Orbs the Son and Mother shine.

Great *Juno* swell'd to see her Rival there

With glittering Beams adorn the heavenly Sphere,

Down to her Foster Parent's Court she drives,

Where old *Oceanus* and *Tethys* lives,

And with just Reverence to their Silver Hairs,

She thus, when ask'd, her Journeys Cause declares.

Ask you why I Heaven's Queen from yonder Skies

'Am come? A better there my place supplies,

Or I'm a Liar, or new Stars you'll see,

In this approaching Night's obscurity

With hateful Beams I'th' Artic Circle shine,

Theirs is the Glory, the Disgrace is mine.

What Whore can fear Immortal *Juno's* hate?

Alas! I hurt not, I advance their fate;

My

My baffled Power must to this Strumpet bow ;
A Brute I made her, she's a Goddess now.
Such Penalties on Guilty Souls I lay,
But Whores and Bastards with my Vengeance play.
Let my chaste Spouse her charming Face restore,
In *Io* he assum'd as much before :
Let him leave Me, and put Her Fetters on,
And be devout *Lydon's* Vertuous Son ;
But I'm your Foster Child, O let my shame,
With some just heat your kinder Breasts inflame !
Ne're let those spurious Stars approach the Deep,
Nor in the purging Ocean's bosom sleep, (keep.
But their eternal stain, their Whorish Tincture

They grant her wish ; away pleas'd *Juno* flies,
And through soft Air her painted Peacocks plies ;
Painted with *Argus* Eyes, one kill'd as late, (State ;
As thou poor twatling Crow hadst chang'd thy
Once spotless Doves no purer White could show,
Nor Geese, to which our Capitol must owe
It's safety ; once pure Swans would quit the Field,
And to the Crows diviner Whiteness yield :

Her Tongue undid her ; for her Tongue's delight,
A fullen Black succeeds her spotless White.

The fair *Coronis*, once *Larissa* grac'd,
Theſſalia's glory ; and while cloſe and chaſte,
Apollo Lov'd her ; but *Apollo's* Bird
Her ſlips diſcover'd, and inform'd his Lord.
His Silence ſhe with flowing Tears implor'd,
The Crow her Falſhood and her Tears abhorr'd :
As on his Errand right, the Tell-tale flew,
A prating Daw did all his ſteps purſue ;
Ask'd him a Thouſand queſtions in a trice,
And, thoſe reſolv'd, return'd this kind Advice :

Believe my Fateful Tongue, no thanks you'll find,
To ſuch as tell unpleaſing truths aſſign'd :
You knew my *firſt*, my *preſent* Shape ; you ſee
The gay rewards of ſimple Honesty.
You've heard of *Erichonius*, Sir, one made
Without a Mother, him *Minerva* laid
In a cloſe wicker Cheſt, and then repairs
To *Athens*, and commits it to the cares
Of *Cæcrops* Daughters, Virgins all and Wiſe,
Nor ſharers in their Sires Deformities :

Then gives Command that none should dare to pry
Into her secrets with a curious Eye.

Perch'd on a leavy Bough, I watch'd their ways;
And must fair *Pandrosos* and *Herse* Praise;

Who humbly True, observ'd her just Command;

But bold *Aglauros*, with a daring Hand,

Broke up the Chest, and call'd her Sister's in

To be partakers of her ugly Sin,

And to their Eyes expos'd an hideous show;

A Youth above, a Dragon all below.

I told my Goddess this, and for reward

Severely check'd, was thus cashier'd her Guard;

An Owl prefer'd before me! by my Fate

Forewarn'd, may other Birds forbear to Prate!

As for *her* Service I ne're begg'd the place,

But got it merely by *Minerva's* grace:

Ask her, though angry still, she'll be so Just;

She'll own I had, but ne're abus'd my Trust.

My Story's known; when Great *Coronens*

Of old in *Photis*, happy I remain'd (Reign'd

His Virgin-Heirefs; crowds of Lovers made

Their Court to me, and Wealth and Glories laid

Beneath my Feet, I scorn'd the whining Crew,
By Beauty ruin'd, though despis'd by you.
As on the Beach, oft us'd, I gravely mov'd,
Neptune. observ'd my Face, observ'd and Lov'd ;
With Pray'rs and tenderest Vows he vainly tri'd
To win my Heart ; but Mad because deni'd,
He offer'd force, I fly, and foundring o're
The soft loose Sand, both Men and Gods implore ;
No Man could hear, but kind *Minerva*'s aid,
A Maid her self, reliev'd a helpless Maid.
To Heav'n I rear'd my Arms, black Feathers grew
Around my shortning Arms, I thought I threw
My Mantle back, my Mantle close adher'd
To my black Skin, and shooting Quills appear'd
Through Skin and Mantle both ; I tri'd to tear
My Breasts, but neither Breasts nor Hands were
I hopp'd unweari'd o're the moving Sand, (there
Then upper Air with nimble Pinions fann'd.
At last a Slave with kind *Mimerva* plac'd,
A chaste Attendant on a Mistress chaste ;
Yet what got I, since that Incestuous Bird
Nyctimene, is to my Place preferr'd?

Sure you have heard what every *Lesbian* Child
Can tell, How she her Father's Bed defil'd :
She's now a Bird indeed, but shuns the Light,
And hides *her horrid Guilt in gloomy Night* ;
And if by day to look abroad she'll dare,
Our Feather'd Armies chase her through the Air.

The Crow so stopp'd, so vext, May mischiefs fall
On you, cri'd he, We scorn your Omens all !
Then on he flies, and to his Lord declar'd,
How *Ischys* in his false *Coronis* shar'd.
Phæbus her falshood heard with strange surprize,
And jealous fury sparkling in his Eyes ;
His Wreaths away, away his Harp he threw,
And from his Bow a winged Arrow flew ;
Her Ivory Breasts the bearded Arrow tore,
That Breast the God so oft had press'd before ;
She drew the Steel out with her dying hand,
While purple Streams her snowy Members stain'd :
Then with a Deathful Groan, Though *Phæbus* I,
When once Deliver'd, might deserve to Dy,
Yet why should thy own harmless Infant feel,
The fatal Malice of thy murd'ring Steel ?

She spoke, but life the hasty Blood pursu'd,
And Icy death her Soul-less Limbs subdu'd.

The Love-sick God too late Repents the Deed,
And hates that hand which made his Mistress Bleed,
He hates that Tell-tale Bird whose spiteful News,
Did jealous thoughts first in his Heart infuse;
He curst his Arrows, and he damn'd his Bow,
And all his Medic-Arts in vain would show;
But heat Divine her Carcase could not warm,
Nor Force of Herbs Fates greater Force disarm.
But when the God of all his Arts despair'd,
And saw the Pile for her dear Limbs prepar'd;
Tho' Gods can't weep, he vents his mighty Woes
In dismal Groans, as when with weighty blows,
Just in her sight her wounded Suckling falls,
And the Horn'd Dam Lows o're her Funerals.
Around her now his uselefs Sweets he laid,
And her last Rites with fond Embraces paid;
But to secure his own Immortal Race,
He snatch'd his Infant from the fiery Place,
And his dead Mother's Womb strait off he sends
The Babe, and to old *Chiron's* care commends.

And

The Second Book.

And then at last the Tell-troth Crow requites
With Sable Plumage for his spotless Whites.

The Centaur of his Heavenly Charge grew
proud,

And those great Honours to his Art allow'd:
His Daughter comes, whose golden Curls adorn
Her Shoulders, of the bright *Chariclo* born,
Near some swift stream; and from her Birth-place
Ocyroe the Fair, the Wife, and Fam'd, (nam'd
Not for her Father's Arts alone, for she
Through Future Fates mysterious Veil could see;
And now inflam'd with pure Prophetick fires,
While the whole God her larger Breast inspires,
She sees the Babe; Hail, happy Child, says she,
Author of Universal Health! to thee
Our Mortal Bodies oft themselves shall owe,
Oft shall thy skill departed Souls bestow
In their old Seats; till Heav'ns revenging stroke
Thy strange Attempts, and strange Success pro-
Twice shall thy Life renew, a bloodless Clod (voke:
The God shall yield, the bloodless Corps a God.



M E T A M O R P H O S I S.

And thou, Dear Father! whose Immortal kind
Forbids thy Death, shalt wish some Death to find
When touch'd with great *Alcides* fatal Dart,
The subtle venom's strength shall reach thy Heart;
Then the kind *Parce* shall dissolve thy thread,
And give thee ease among the senseless dead.
She'd something still to say, when Sighs and Tears
Deep, thick and flowing all, presag'd her fears;
The Fates, said she, my longer Speech prevent,
Ah! happy I with meaner Arts content!
I find Heav'n's angry when poor Mortals try
To read th' Events of dark futurity.
Methinks I seem to lose my Human face,
And long for Field-room now, and long for Grass;
Into a Mare's (my Kindred Shape) I grow,
But why I all, but half my Father's fo?
Her latest words by growing griefs suppli'd,
In tones confus'd, and undistinguish'd di'd;
She offer'd now at words, and almost Neigh'd,
And straight a full-ton'd Neigh her sense convey'd
To others Ears; her Arms to Legs were chang'd,
And lightly o're the flow'ry Pastures rang'd,

One Hoof made all her Toes and Fingers one ;
Her Head and Neck a longer shape put on ;
Her modish Train's last length a Tail was made ;
For Hair, a Main in comely Braids was laid
On her fair Neck, and from her Tone and Look,
Enippes Name the changing *Virgin* took.

Old *Chiron* weeps, and oft implores in vain,
Apollo's help ; but *Jove's* Commands disdain
The check of lesser Gods ; or could thy Arts
Rescind his Laws, yet now far distant parts
Retain'd thee, and the rich *Messenian* field
Could scope to all thy Shepherds pastimes yield ;
The Shepherd now the Crook and Pipe disclos'd,
The Pipe of Sev'n unequal reeds compos'd ;
But while he Plays, or only Sings of Love, (rove
His Herds unwatch'd, through spacious Pastures
Mercury sees his care, and sev'ral steals,
And his rich Prize behind thick Woods conceals.
None saw the Thief, but *Battus*, once a Swain
Well known, who long on the *Messenian* Plain,
The *Pylian* Kings stud-Mares for Breed had fed,
To whom the jealous wheedling *Hermes* said :

One

One kindness, Honest Swain, I must desire,
If any should of thee for Strays enquire,
Betray not me, and for thy silence take
This milk-White Heifer for that Heifer's sake :
This Stone, said he, shall sooner tell than I,
(And shews a Stone); but *Hermes* always shy,
Seems to go off; returns Transform'd; and strait,
Saw'st thou Old Boy! says he, no Thieves of late
Drive Bullocks hence? their Thievish haunts
And for reward this Bull and Heifer's thine. (assign,

Brib'd with a double Fee, cries *Battus*, There,
Beneath those Hills, beneath those Hills they were;
What, says the laughing God, what Knave! I say,
Me to my self, me to my self betray?

To a *Mercurial* Stone then turn'd his Breast,
And his directing Pow'r is in his Name express.

Through yielding Air the God now wings his
And thence *Minerva's Athens* must survey, (way,
And the *Lycean* Groves; since then Renown'd
For reverend Heads with hoary Wisdom Crown'd.

It was the day when, as old Custom taught,
The Virgin Crew to *Palla's* Temple brought

Their

Their Gifts, white Baskets on their Heads they held,
Crown'd with sweet Wreaths, with noble Offerings
The God on wing observes the lovely Train, (fill'd.
As, when from far she sees some Victim slain,
The hungry Vulture many a Circle makes
In upper Air, and tho' she ne're forsakes
The Game in view, the noisy Crowd delays
Her Hopes, and Fear her ravenous Pounces stay ;
So *Hermes* o're the Town on Lazy Wings
Hovers, and makes a thousand gentle Rings ;
Herse, the Fair, was always in his view,
Herse the Fair, his Wings and Eyes pursue ;
To whose bright Charms all others yield as far
As smaller Twinklers to the morning Star,
Or that fair Star to brighter *Cynthia* yields,
When her full Orb obliging *Phœbus* gilds.
Jove's Sons ensnar'd by her surprizing Charms,
A glowing Heat his am'rous Bosom warms,
Warms first, but then, with unresisted Rage
His yielding Soul a thousand Flames engage ;
So *Balearian* Bullets rake the Sky,
And glow, and melt, as thro' the Air they fly.

Now

Now down he comes, and his own Form assumes,
And justly on his own clean Shape presumes ;
Yet tries to mend it with a nicer care,
In fair large Rings he lays his curling Hair.
His Mantle neatly o're his Shoulders throws,
And all the gold and rich Embrod'ry shows.
In Hand his Sleep-commanding Rod he bears,
Polish'd and smooth, and golden Sandals wears.

Three noble Rooms, an inner Court confin'd,
With Tortoise Shells, and shining Iv'ry lin'd,
On either Hand her Sisters lodg'd ; between
Was Royal *Herse*'s large Apartment seen :
The God, with easy steps, approach'd her Bed,
Aglauros only wakeful, watch'd his Tread,
Saw him, and askt his Name, and what strange Pow'r
Employ'd him there at such a Midnight hour ?
To whom the God repli'd, It's I, who bear
Jove's sacred Orders through the pervious Air.
My Father he : I no sham Cause pretend,
Be thou our Confident, our trusty Friend.
For *Herse*'s sake I left those Seats above ;
O be my Sister, and a Friend to Love !

With

With such false Eyes, *Aglauros* scan'd him o're,
As had *Minerva's* Secret search'd before.

And for her help a mighty sum demands,
Or on the Threshold to exclude him stands.

The warlike *Pallas* with an angry Look
Observ'd, and Storms of mighty Passions shook
Her swelling Breast, She dash'd her *Gorgon's* shield,
And all around with dismal Horror fill'd ;
Enrag'd she saw her now, (whose impious Hands,
To see the Monster Her Divine Commands
Had trespassed lately) unto Wealth pretend ;
To please a God, and be her Sisters friend.

Then straight to *Envies* Cell she bends her way,
Which all with putrid Gore infected lay,
Deep in a gloomy Cave's obscure recess,
No Beams could e're that horrid Mansion bless,
No breeze e're fann'd it, but about it roll'd
Eternal Woes, and ever lazy cold.

No Spark shone there, but everlasting Gloom
Impenetrably dark, obscur'd the Room.

Before her Door the fear'd *Virago* stood,
(Those hated Doors could ne're admit the good)

Then

Then strikes the Lintels with her dreadful Spear;
Wide fly the Doors, and all within appear
Black impious Scenes, unknown to mortal Eyes;
But Gods can see through inmost Hells disguise:
She sees how the curst Hag with weary'd Jaws,
Black Vipers flesh, the food of Envy, chaws.
She sees, but soon declines that hateful sight.
The ugly Phantome terrify'd with Light;
With lazy Streaks rose from the loathsome Ground;
And left her half-chaw'd Vip'rous Orts around;
Then forward slowly crawl'd; but when she view'd
The Goddess with Cœlestial Charms indu'd;
Her Arms all bright, her Face divinely fair,
And Blis and Pleasures in her heav'nly Air,
The ill-look'd Hag groan'd deep, and scru'd her Face
To all the Symptoms of a spiteful Grace;
A deadly Paleness in her Cheeks was seen;
The Skeleton cas'd in a meager Skin;
Her Looks awry, an everlasting Scowl
Sits on her Brows, her Teeth deform'd and foul:
Her Breast had gall, more than her Breast could hold;
Beneath her Tongue black clods of Poyson roll'd;

No smiles e'er smooth'd her furrow'd Brows but
those (Woes.

Which rise from common Mischiefs, Plagues and
Her Eyes, meer strangers to the sweets of Sleep,
Devouring Spite for ever waking keep;

She sees blest Men with vast Successes crown'd,
Their Joys distract her, and their Glories wound.
She kills abroad, her self's consum'd at home,
And her own Crimes are her perpetual Martyrdom.

The Goddess loath'd the Witch, but us'd her; Go
Said she, the Essence of thy Plagues bestow
On curst *Aglauros*! thence in haste she flew,
And vanish'd upward like the Morning-dew
Before the Rising Sun: With looks askance
The Hag observ'd the Goddesses advance,
And, grumbling, inwardly repin'd that she
Her too successful Instrument should be.

Then takes her Wand, true Emblem of her mind,
Which ragged Knots and pointed Thorns entwin'd;
Muffled in Pestilential Clouds she moves,
And ev'ry step her fatal influence proves;

The

The flow'ry Corn beneath her footsteps dies,
The Grass all scorch'd and desolated lies ;
Those lively Plants, whose verdant tops appear'd
Above the rest, her burning passage fear'd ;
A wasting Plague her noisome breath projects,
And ev'ry Town, and ev'ry House infects.
When stately *Athens* reach'd her gloating Eye,
Where Wit, and Wealth, and chearful Peace at vye
Together liv'd, her kecksy Carcase turn'd
To fretful tears, and o'er their Blissess mourn'd.
Entring th' Apartment where *Aglauros* lay
In silent slumbers to divert the Day,
Her tainted Hands the Virgin's Bosom prest,
And thrust sharp Bry'rs quite through her panting
The noxious Venom ev'ry Vein inspir'd, (Breast ;
And all her Bones with sullen Envy fir'd.
And that she might just ground for Envy find,
In Dreams she represents to her vext mind
Her charming Sister, and her glorious Fate,
Her Love's triumphant, and divine her State ;
Then paints the Wooing God array'd with light,
Supreamly fond, unutterably bright ;

Each Object with unwonted Beams suppli'd,
And her poor self a foile to charming *Herse's* Pride:
With such sham Dreams provok'd, *Aglaurós*
grieves,

Ahd fill'd with inward gnawing tortures lives;
Slowly she melts, and pines, and wears away
The Night with sighs, with restless sighs the Day:
So-melting Ice slides off in silent Streams
Before the setting Sun's rebated beams;
Her Sister's happiness destroys her so,
As green moist Weeds in some deep Furnace glow,
With inward heat, the Pile can never blaze,
But smothers off, and all in Smoke decays:
Oft would she wish to dye, as oft engage
T' expose the Lovers to a Father's rage;
At last before the Door she takes her seat,
And makes the Love-sick longing God retreat:
The God attacks her with his gentlest Art,
And tries with Love to sooth her envious heart;
Forbear, be gone, says she, unmov'd I'll stay,
And to your lawless Passions stop the way.

Stay then for ever there, replies the God;
 The Doors then open to his pow'ful Rod.
 To stop him, she, in vain, attempts to rise;
 A lazy numness seiz'd her Hips and Thighs;
 Her Knees grew stiff, and in her Hands and Veins
 A deadly cold and bloodless paleness reigns;
 And as some fretting Cancerous Humour feeds
 On tainted Limbs, and thence to sound proceeds;
 So fatal Cold lies, softly marches o'er
 Her warmer Parts, where Life retir'd before:
 She never tri'd to speak, and had she tri'd,
 All passage was to Vocal sounds deni'd;
 Her Neck, her Face, her Whole was turn'd to stone
 And in her sullen Hue her envious Temper shewn

When *Hermes* thus a just revenge had ta'en
 On sawcy Envy, and a mind profane,
 From *Athens* straight with wonted speed he flies,
 And takes his seat again above the Skies;
 Whence *Jove* soon call'd him to himself aside, (hid
 And thus with artful Words would his new Passion

Blest Minister, said he, of Heav'n's Decree,
 Dear to the Gods, but dearer far to me!

With thy us'd haste go pierce the lightsome Air;
And to fair *Sidon's* Southern Fields repair;
Godrive that Royal Herd which loosely stray
On yonder Hills, and toward the Beach convey!
Swift as his words, the God performs his Task;
And on the Beach the Herd securely bask,
Where oft *Europa* with her Mates resorts
For Virgin Pastimes, and for harmless Sports.

Jove knew how ill soft charming Loves agree
With looks severe, and awful Majesty;
And therefore He who rules the trembling World,
By whose stern Hand those Three-fork'd Bolts are
hurld,

Which rake the lower World; whose dreadful nod
Shakes the Globe's huge Machine, that pow'rful
Monarch, and Sire of all, converted now, (God,
Smooths the grave Frowns of his Majestick Brow;
And like a Bull along the Shore He roves,
The well-limb'd Monarch of the wandring Drovers;
Not snows adrift before the Northern Wind,
Which Foot ne'er soil'd, nor Southern heat can find,

Tho bright and glitt'ring in some *Scythian* Air,
 Could for pure Whiteness with the Brute compare;
 His lovely Neck with well-spread Muscles strong,
 And wond'rous deep his dangling Dewlap hung;
 His Horns not largely spread, but sharp and clear
 As Iceicles, or Chrystal Rocks appear;
 So smooth, so polish'd o'er, you'd almost own
 His utmost Art some Workman there had shown.
 No rage his Eyes, his Brows no terrors wore,
 But peace and love his gentle Aspect bore:
Agenor's Daughter his fair Shape admir'd,
 And of his gentle Nature oft enquir'd;
 She saw him gentle, yet with trembling first
 Stood off, at length encourag'd more, she durst
 Approach him nearer, and before him stand,
 And reach him Flow'rs with her delicious Hand.
 Charm'd with her freedom oft her hands he kist,
 And scarce could from Love's fiercer Joys desist.
 With such impatience longing Youths receive
 A kiss, a smile, and with reluctance leave
 Their utmost coming-blisses just in sight,
 For the dull Customs of the Bridal night.

Now

Now on the Green the wanton Lover plays;
Now on the Beach his snowy Sides he lays.
The Royal Dame, then fearless, strokes his Breast,
His Dew-lap with her pretty Fingers prest;
With flowry Wreaths she his large Brows adorns,
And hangs sweet Chaplets on his glitt'ring Horns;
By such familiar preludes tempted, she
Thoughtless of Harms, and from Suspicious free,
Mounts on his Back, while he submissly kneels,
And extas'd the Royal Burthen feels;
Then on insensibly his round he takes,
And tow'rd the *Strand* a thousand circles makes;
Trots o'er the Sand, now back, now forward goes,
Where the fierce Tyde with proudest waters flows.
Now feigning Fear, retreats, soon ventures more;
Now tries the Seas, and soon returns to Shore;
Till all his little wanton Pastime's o'er,
The vig'rous God his Virgin-purchase bore
Off through the deep, and in its humble Waves
His snowy Sides the panting Victor laves.
The frighted Maid looks back with longing Eyes,
But her right hand still to his Horn applies;

Her left lay on his Brawny Back reclin'd,
 Her Vestments spread like Sails before the burxom
 Wind.

The THIRD BOOK.

The Argument of the Third Book.

Agenor sends Cadmus in search of his Daughter who was lost. Cadmus in his search Encounters and kills a Dragon, from whose Teeth sown in the Earth, arise a Band of Men, by whose Assistance he Builds the City Thebes. After the Success, his first Misfortune happens on account of his Nephew Ateon, who is torn to pieces by his own Pack of Hounds. This Disaster pleases Juno, by reason of her Hatred to Semele, who had been debauch'd by Jupiter. Juno therefore taking the Resemblance of Berea, (Semele's Nurse) procures her Death. A Controversy afterwards betwixt Jupiter and Juno, whether the Male or Female had the greater Satisfaction in coitu. Tiresias chosen Umpire, who had experienced both Sexes. He decides the Question against Juno; who in Revenge deprives him of his Sight. Jupiter in Recompense inspires him with the Gift of Prophecy. His first Prediction confirm'd in Narcissus, who despis'd all Nymphs (and amongst the rest, Echo, who for Love pin'd her self into a Voice). He grows enamour'd on himself, and languishes into a Flower. Pentheus still derides the Prophet, but confirms his Sanction by his own Tragick End; which occasions a general Veneration for the Rites of Bacchus.

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B Ut now the lustful God no more conceal'd,
 Confess'd the Thund'rer, and the God re-
 veal'd,

And his own *Crete* ~~the Impatient Lover~~ held.

When the sad Parent, ignorant that *Jove*
 Prefer'd his Daughter, and enjoy'd her love;
 Bids *Cadmus* trace and find the ravish'd Fair,
 Or hope no more to breathe *Phœnician* Air.

Both just and wicked in the same Design;
 The care was Pious, but too great the Fine.
 The World search'd o're in vain. (*For what Man cou'd*
Smell Jove's Rapes out, or nose the Bestial God?)

The proscrib'd *Agenorian* Youth retires,
 And some new Seat at *Phœbus's* Shrine requires.
 When thus the God,

' In desert Grounds where Mortals seldom stray,
 ' A Cow shall meet thee, and direct thy way;
 ' Untam'd as yet, and by no Service broke,
 ' Impatient of the Plow, nor subject to the Yoke.
 ' Led by this guide, go forwards on, and choose
 ' That place to build in she does for Repose.

' Then fence th' appointed Ground on every side,
' And call the Land *Bæotia* from your Guide.

Scarce can the Youth descend into the Plain,
And the *Castalian* Mountains Valley gain ;
But sees th' unguarded Beast walk on before,
Whose unraz'd Neck the Marks of freedom bore.
He follows slowly on with humble pace,
And thanks the God that pointed out the place ;
When fording o're the Streams, *Cephisus* yields,
And past the Limits of *Panopean* Fields.

The brawny Guide stood still, and bellowing,
round, (ground,
Brandish'd her spacious Horns, and spurn'd the
And the shrill Air restor'd the dreadful sound ;
Thus pois'd, she next the following Train survey'd,
Then on the yielding Grass her pond'rous Members
laid.

The signal giv'n, *Cadmus* no more delays,
But pays his thanks, and tenders Heav'n his praise;
Kisses the Ground, and greets the foreign Soil,
And Fields not yet manur'd by humane Toil.

He now to *Jove* a Sacrifice prepares,
 (*Jove for his Sisters sake should bear his Pray'rs.*)
 And for this end, commands his Servants bring
 The clearest Waters of the living Spring.

An aged Wood look'd o're the neighb'ring
 place, space;
 Its Limbs well-grown, and wondrous was its
 Nor by the Ax prophan'd, nor conscious of disgrace.
 'Midst of the Grove, the gaping Earth had made
 An humble Shelve, and fenc'd it with the Shade;
 Arch'd in its form, which Stones cemented gave,
 And well concurring justled to a Cave;
 Clear rising Springs gush from its wounded sides,
 And round its fertile Womb the rilling Water glides.

A monstrous Snake was Tenant of this place,
 Sacred to *Mars*, and of no Vulgar Race,
 With gilded Crest, and of stupendious Size;
 Fire darted thro' his Scales, and sparkled thro'
 his Eyes.

His Body poyson, Venome in his Breath,
 Three flaming Tongues, three murd'ring tire of
 Teeth.

Soon

Soon as the *Tyrians* reach'd the destin'd Ground,
And the dipp'd Pitcher gave the warning sound,
Rous'd by the noise, and startled from Repose,
The Serpent rais'd his Head, and hissing rose;
Nor longer could their Hands, their Urns retain,
Their Blood stood still, and chill'd in ev'ry Vein;
Fear, and their trembling Limbs provok'd their
But Nerves contracted, sickn'd at the sight. (flight,
He the mean while in slimy Circles roves,
Leaps twining on, and bends him as he moves,
And more than half suspended in the Air,
Looks down upon the Wood, and views it from afar.
His bulk no less than his, whose wondrous growth
Divides the *Bears* above, and almost touches both,
Nor idly stops the Beast, nor winding lies
In lazy Folds, but bounds upon his Prize;
(Whither the trembling Bands for Arms prepare
Or Flight, or both were hindred by their fear)
O're those the treble Sett of Teeth prevail,
And those, the close Embraces of his Tail;
From diff'rent Causes, diff'rent is their Death,
Fate follows ev'ry touch, and reigns in ev'ry Breath.

And

And now the Sun in full Meridian, made
The Clouds decrease, and less'n'd ev'ry shade,
When *Cadmus* wondring at his Servant's stay,
Seeks out the cause, and tracks 'em in the way.
A Lion's Skin he on his Shoulders wore ;
And Spear and Lance of burnish'd Iron bore :
But his undaunted Soul secure from harms, (Arms.
Was brighter than his Dart, and stronger than his
 Entr'ing the dismal grove, the Heroe found
His dead Attendants grinning on the ground,
And perch'd upon the Slain, the spacious Beast
Lick'd o'er their Wounds, and joy'd amidst the Feast.
When thus — or I'll revenge my Servant's Fate,
Or dying too, commence their mournful state.
He spoke, and in his Right hand pois'd a Stone ;
And thus, said He, thou shalt thy guilt atone :
Then with great force the lab'ring Burthen threw,
Wing'd to the work of Fate, and grumbling as it
 flew. (crush'd,
When the like force the mighti'ft Walls had
And crumbled half their Fabrick into dust ;

Prop'd on himself, the Serpent stood the blow,
And from his scaly Coat return'd it on the Foe:
His Hide the stone's unerring stroke repell'd,
His Hide perform'd the duties of a Shield.
But the strong Jav'line urg'd with more success,
Baff'd the Scales, and gain'd an open pass;
Whirl'd in between the spinal Sinews fix'd, (mix'd.
Half buri'd in the Wound, and with his Entrails
 Stung by the stroke, and heightned by the smart,)
He twines his Neck, and views the wounded part, }
Then with his well-set Grinders champs the Dart. }
Which after various tugs, and long essays,
Scarce quits its hold, or leaves th' envenom'd place;
Nor yet deserts it wholly, for the point,
Riveted in, is fastned through the Joint.
But when at last the dire contagious Wound (round;
Shoots through the Blood, and deals th' infection
Provok'd to anger, and his wonted height
Of rage, his Throat expands it self to fight:
White foaming froths around his Jaws exhale,
And the lash'd Earth is plow'd by ev'ry Scale:

Black steams that from his livid Nostrils rise,
Pollute the vicious Air, and dare the Skies.
Sometimes the parts in twining folds combine,
Now at full length are straitned to a line.
Then he rows, rushing forward like a Flood,
And with well-hard'ned Breast bears down the stub-
born Wood.

Cadmus gives way, and with the Lyon's Hide
Sustains the shock, and checks the brutal Pride:
The Lance extended, stops him in his course,
Keeps him at bay, and curbs the distanc'd Force.
He the mean while impatient of delay,
Bites the sharp Spear that guards th' expected Prey;
Then foams and yells aloud, and bites again,
And his fix'd Teeth the bearded point retain;
The bearded point's entire, nor feels th' intended
pain.

But now the Blood trill'd from his pois'nous Head,
Spun freely forth, and streaming as it bled;
But yet the Wounds were shallow, for the Beast
Retreated from the Dart, and twisted round his
(Crest;
Warding

Warding the deadly fury of the blow,
By drawing back, and shrinking from his Foe;
When pressing on, and greedy of the fight,
Cadmus pursu'd, and chas'd him in his flight;
Till hinder'd from retiring, by an Oke
That stopp'd him, and oppos'd him to the stroke;
The Jav'lin met him as he turn'd about,
And with the Tree transfix'd the Monster's Throat,
Whose Trunk enfeebled with its burthen groan'd,
And mourn'd the weight each drooping Bough
disown'd:

Now whilst the Victor view'd the vanquish'd
This Voice was heard (but from no certain place)
Why does *Aeneas*'s Son survey the Slain,
Or wonder at his bulk, or grisly Main?
Your Body shall it self the Figure take,
Which you the subject of amazement make:
Astonish'd at the Voice, and Fate design'd,
He lost his Eyeballs, and perplex'd his mind:
His rowling Eyeballs, and his stiffen'd Hair,
Told no slight grief, and spoke on common fear.

When

When round the Sphere the Clouds divided play,
And for some sacred passage shoulder out the way :
And lo ! the Goddess *Pallas* to his aid !

(*Pallas* had him her darling Fav'rite made.)

' She bids him turn, and plough the clotted Earth,

' Then sow the conquer'd Teeth, and wait the birth.

Obedient to the Goddess her Command,

He wounds the Ground, and furrows o'er the Land.

Scatters abroad the monstrous Seeds, and then

Expects till they should shoot themselves to Men.

When (scarce to be believ'd !) the Glebes began

To move, and give progressive signs of Man ;

First, tops of Pikes sprout upwards, and appear,

Next Helmets nod, and crested Feathers rear ;

Then Breast and Shoulders rise, with other parts,

And well-arm'd Hands exert their pointed Darts ;

Perfect at last, in ev'ry limb they move,

And rang'd in order, seem another Grove.

So when an Opera's acted, and the Scene

Drawn back, discloses the design'd Machine,

Th' Image ascends thus by degrees, and shews

Its face at first, and as it rises grows ;

At

At length screw'd up, and fix'd upon its Feet;
Erects it self, and treads the Stage compleat.

Disturb'd at this new Foe, *Cadmus* prepares
For Arms, and girds himself again for Wars.

'Think not of Arms, (cries one) nor hostile Rage;

'Earth's Sons, will only Sons of Earth engage;

'These Weapons on our selves are only bent;

'Our Death's design'd, but not thy Ruin meant:

He spoke, and in pursuance to his word,

Grapples his Earth-born Neighbour with his Sword;

Gives him a Death, and sheath's it in his Heart;

Then wounded from afar, he tumbles by a Dart.

Nor longer than the Slain the Conqu'ror lives,

But renders up that Breath which he but then re-

Urg'd by the dire Example all the rest, (ceives:

By mutual Wounds are mutually oppress.

Now on the ground the short-liv'd Warriors lie,

And bite their Parent Earth, and bleeding dye.

The mighty Numbers dwindle into five;

'Mong whom *Echion* fortun'd to survive,

And he by *Palla's* order, on the Grass

Flings down his Arms, and begs, and gives a Peace:

These

The Third Book: M 113

These were the sole Assistants then remain'd,
When Cadmus built the City Phœbus had ordain'd.

And now Thebes stood, when Cadmus thou
mightst seem

To enjoy thine Exile, hightned in esteem;

To Gods related, and to Heaven all'deal'd won be A

Venus and Mars the Parents of thy Bride.

So many Sons and Daughters grac'd thy Line;

And these young Men adopted now for thine.

But Man should the decisive moment wait;

And the last Gasp the test of humane State:

Nor be reputed happy till his Urn

Guards him from Chance, nor lets his Fortune

turn.

Amidst this Chain of prosperous Affairs,

Thy Nephew first link'd in encroaching Cares,

Strange Horns which on his rugged Forehead

stood,

And Dogs that feasted on their Master's Blood,

Taught thee to grieve, and make the *Maxim* good;

But after just enquiry, you can find

No fault in him, but only Fate unkind:

114 M E T A M O R P H O S I S.

*For how could Ignorance a Crime be thought,
Or Error be imputed for a fault?*

A shady Mountain rais'd its craggy Head,
Well stock'd with Game, and timor'd with the
Dead.

And now the Sun with more exalted Ray,
Shone thro' the Skies, and grac'd the middle way,
And Shades decreasing fled, and all was Day.

When the *Boorian* Youth half spent with heat,
Will'd a refreshment, and propos'd Retreat,
Call'd off the Scent, and sound'd in his Hounds,
And thus address'd his Friends, who bear the bushy
Grounds.

' Our reeking Nets and Spears confess the Prey;
' Enough success has crown'd the present Day.
' When the next dazling Morn informs our sight,
' And on its Saffron Wheels restores the Light.
' We'll to the Sport again, and nimbly trace
' The scudding Deer, and then pursue the Chase.
' Now 'tis high Noon, and scorching *Phœbus* gilds
' All parts alike, and chops the gaping Fields.

Stop

, Stop the pursuit, and cease from further Spoils,
' And on your backs support the knotty Toils.

Each Man consenting seem'd to rest inclin'd,
Left off the Chase, and did the Work enjoyn'd.

A silent Vale stretch'd out beneath, display'd
The Shades that *Rosin* Trees and *Cyprus* made.

Gargaphie, call'd, *Diana's* own Retreat,
Her Hunting-lodge, and more peculiar Seat;
One end of which a verdant Grott contain'd,
Not grav'd by curious Art, but Nature feign'd;

Nature so nicely had dissembled Art,
'Twas regular and just in ev'ry Part.

For sloping to an Arch the Pumice grew,
And *Topazes* a roof'd resemblance drew;
On the right Hand a Crystal Fountain wash'd
The mouldring Earth, and murmur'd as it pass'd,
Its Brims edg'd o're with Grass, and bord'red round
With Green, the native Liv'ry of the Ground.

Here us'd the *Sylvan* Goddesses to resort,
Tir'd with the Chase, and wear'd with the Sport,
And suppling o're her stiffned Nerves, betray
Those Graces which around a Goddess play.

Arriving at her usual Bath, the Brook,
 One of her menial Nymphs her Weapons took.
 Another (*Mistress of the Wardrobe*) held
 Her Mantle which her Breasts and Arms reveal'd.
 Each Nymph employ'd her self as she was plac'd,
 Whilst Two the Buskins of her Feet unlac'd.
 But *Crocale* more skilful in her Trade,
 Bound up her Hair, which o're her Shoulders plaid,
 Curl'd it to Plaits, and ty'd it in a Noose,
 Her own dishelv'd, and negligently loose.
Nephele, Trecas, Rhanis, (and the Herd
 Of undistinguish'd Wenches not preferr'd)
 Her snowy Limbs, and Iv'ry Members lav'd
 With Water, which capacious Urns receiv'd.

But whilst the fair *Titania* bath'd, and these
 Disclos'd themselves, and frisk'd about at ease.
 With dubious Steps, and unsuccessful pace,
 Lo! *Cadmus's* Nephew stumbled on the place;
 Where when the destin'd Wretch was come, and ey'd
 Those Parts which Nature had his Sex deny'd,
 The naked Nymphs into a Cluster ran,
 And skulk'd at first appearance of a Man;

Then

Then for a Screen around *Diana* stood
And beat their Breasts, and shreik'd, which eccho'd
through the Wood.

Their forward Zeal, their weak attempts confess,
The Goddess tow'rd exalted o're the rest;
And as Clouds warm'd by th' reflecting Sun,
Blush and dilate the Colours, not their own:
Or as the fair *Aurora's* modest Ray,
Reddens at sight of *Phæbus*, and the Day;
So look'd *Diana*, and with such surprize
Shot forth her Charms, survey'd by mortal Eyes;
And tho hem'd in by her attendant Train,
Turn'd sideways, and scowl'd backwards on the Man.
Then wish'd for Arms; but fruitless wishes made,
Her Arms at Land, next other helps essay'd,
But nought but Water seem'd to promise aid. }
And this she scoop'd with Virgin-hands, and dash'd
His manly Face, and hairy Temples wash'd;
Adding these words as witness of her hate,
Preceding words which usher'd in his fate.
' Now boast vain Man, I give thee leave, thou'st seen
' A naked Goddess, and divulge her Mein:

' Boast if thou canst,--nor threatening further cross'd,
And sprinkled on, and frown'd him to a Beast.
Plac'd on his Brow long Antlers of a Deer;
Enlarg'd his Neck, and tip'd each lengthn'd Ear:
His Hands clove into Feet, and Arms declin'd
To spiny Legs, and trembled as they joyn'd.
A spotted Hide enclos'd his manly Skin,
And fear, unknown before, was added too within.

Compleat, and chang'd all o'er, *Actæon* fled,
And wondred at his swift unusual Speed;
Then as he in the watry Mirror gaz'd,
Shrunk backwards, at his spacious Horns amaz'd.
Woes me! he would have said, but gap'd in vain;
The Voice were Sighs that answer'd to the strain.
Tears from his borrow'd Face ran trickling down;
Nought but his former Mind remain'd his own.
What measures should he take, or home return,
And at the Court his new Dishonours mourn?
Or lurking in the Woods, shun humane sight,
And ev'n himself retreating from the Light?
Fear this forbad, and that dissuading Shame,
As not consistent with the Regal Name.

Whilst

Whilst thus he with his doubtful Passions strove,
 The Dogs beheld and sp'd him through the Grove.
Blackfoot and *Tracer*, op'ning led, the Chase;
 One *Cretan*, & other puppy from *Spartan* Race;
 Thence rush'd the yelping Pack, as swift as Wind,
Clime-cliff and *Quickshot* of *Arcadian* kind;
 Stout *Kill-deer*, *Rav'ner*, *Lightfoot*, bounding warr;
Whirlwind for swiftness, *Hunter* for the Scare;
 Next *Woodman*, wounded by a Tusky Bear;
Beater, whose Sire was *Wolf*, and divers more;
 Then *Shepherd*, once a *Cur*, and us'd to keep
 The Fold from wandring, and secure the Sheep;
 But now promoted to the Chase, disdains
 Such servile Cares, and base inglorious Pains;
 Forgets his former business, as he runs,
 Now company for *Greedy* and her Sons.
 Ganch'd *Catch-prey* lately truss'd, no forward sprutg,
 With *Courser*, *Noisy*, *Tyger*, *Spot*, and *Strong*;
Smut in black hair, and *Beauty* cloth'd in white,
 Good runners both, and excellent in flight;
Roystern for strength, and *Tempest* fam'd for speed;
Salvage, with's Brother *Wolf*, of *Cyprian* Breed:

Mourner and *Snatch*, mark'd on their Sable Necks
 With Silver Spots, and Brows with Starry Streaks;
 Then follow'd Inuffling *Shag*, a well-beak'd Hound;
 And *Ringwood* made the *Hales* and Hills rebound.
 Then rear'd stern'd *Jowler* and *Smooth Lady*, which
 Ow'd their high Birth to a *Lacoman Bitch*,
 Their Sire a choice *Duchess* Dog, who came
 Of noble Blood, and of distinguish'd Fame;
 Others besides, desirous of the Prey, (delay.
 Jump'd forth, whose Names would only cause
 Thus as full cry the Thrill Sagacious Pack,
 Thro' Rocks, and steep Ascents pursu'd the Frack;
 Impervious Cliffs, and Craggy Mountains pass,
 Nor Banks, nor Bogs, nor Buzhes stop'd their hast;
 Thro' Roads choak'd up with Stones and Briers they
 run
 Thro' streightned Paths, and made a Path if none.
 Wing'd to the Flight, and trembling as he moves,
 He skims along, and thuns his darling Groves:
 Groves which before the Princely Sports-man
 view'd;
 The Game pursuing, not the Game pursu'd.

Alas!

Alas! he flies, his own Domestick Slaves,
 And turning as he runs, a seeming pity craves.
 Fain would he cry, perswaded by his fear,
I am Actæon; Lo, your Master here!
 But words are wanting, and th' intended Voice
 Groans forth a sad confus'd imperfect Noise.
 And now the Dogs almost upon him prest
 With fury to the Prey, and their loud Cries en-
 creast.

First *Collier* fastned on his Haunch; and next
Hilbred and *Ranger* on his Shoulder fix'd:
 These started last, but crossing o'er the Ground,
 Came in the first, a nearer Passage found.
 Whilst these upon their wretched Master hung,
 And stop'd his Course, and grip'd him as they clung;
 In rush'd the distanc'd Pack, and yelping wide,
 Muzled him o'er, and beak'd on ev'ry side.

And now pink'd o'er with Wounds each part
 retains;

Scarce any further work for Death remains.
 He groans and Sighs, such Accents from his Breast;
 If not a Man, yet much unlike a Beast.

Then

Then suppliant on his Knees, like one that wou'd
Have something like Petition understood;
Turns round his mournful Looks, as if they were
His Hands, and in the *whining Aet of Pray'r*.

But his Companions with their usual Cries,
Chear up the Dogs, and seek him with their Eyes;
Actæon call, *Actæon* absent blame,
He moves his Head, which answers to the Name.
But ignorant they reproach his long delay,
And wish him at the Slaughter of the Prey.
Consenting to their wishes, he'd have seen
His Dogs thus feasting, not their Banquet been,
But present feels their griping Phangs, which tear
Their Master not as such, but as a Deer.
Nor could, or less, or milder Wounds assuage
A Goddess Anger, or *Diana's* Rage.

The talk was doubtful as the rumour grew,
For Folks will censure every thing that's new:
Some thought the Maiden Goddess too severe,
And blam'd her Anger, and accus'd her Fear.
Others, more nice, absolv'd her question'd Fame,
As worthy of her Vows, and Virgin Name:

Both

Both gave their Reason, as they gave their Thought,
Or prais'd *her* Justice, or excus'd *his* Fault.

Jove's Wife stood Neutress, nor so much decreed
Which side to favour, as she lik'd the Deed.

The *Tyrian* Strumpet, and *Agenor's*, Race,
Shot anger through her Soul, and urg'd disgrace;
A fresh occasion fann'd the former flame,
And summon'd all her hatred as it came.

The teeming Womb of *Semele* betray'd
What progress *Jove's Almighty Seed* had made.
This, and her Passion swell'd her rising Veins,
And gave her Tongue (*as Women will*) the Reins.
Resolv'd to chide the faithless God, and prove,
Ev'n to the *Letcher's* face her injur'd Love. (tain'd,
But — 'What have my Complaints, she said, ob-
' what redress my slighted Beauty gain'd?

'The Jilt her self is worthy *Juno's* aim,

'And dying shall atone for *Juno's* Fame.

'Sdeath her — nor shall she long my Bed enjoy,

'Tis her, my hated *Rival*, I'll destroy :

'If I am Queen of Heav'n, and justly great,

'And pow'r and strength attend my Pompous State,

'No

‘ No Pageant prop’d with Titles, or ador’d
‘ With Mock-Devotion, Sportive Joys afford,
‘ But doubly to the *Mighty Jove* alli’d,
‘ His high-born Sister, and exalted Bride.
‘ Sure I’m his Sister—— tho’ his Deeds proclaim
‘ The *Bride* an empty sound, and airy Name.
‘ Perhaps—— had only bare fruition cloy’d
‘ Her craving Lust, and ended when enjoy’d;
‘ She’d pass unpunish’d as the num’rous rest,
‘ My Bestial God in Bestial Shapes comprest.
‘ But she conceives—— and as in triumph bears
‘ A Child, the cause of all my present Cares:
‘ ’Twas this she wanted, and her Womb declares,
‘ *Jove* was not impotent to grant her Pray’rs.
‘ In what my choicest Hopes could scarce succeed,
‘ She gains with ease, and teems with heav’nly S—;
‘ Whilst I receive no more than cold remains
‘ Of *Jove*, and languid *Jove* without his Veins.
‘ So much the Jilt relies upon her Face,
‘ And vainly trusts in ev’ry mortal Grace;
‘ But help me Malice, and assist the Cheat,
‘ May her own *Jove* prepare the dire Deceit:

‘ And

' And her own *Jove* (or I renounce my claim
' To Heav'n, and Heav'n's high Queen, *Saturnia's*
' His *gugaw* Trifle shall himself betray, (Name.)
' And plunge her down to Hell beyond the reach
of day. (arose,

She spoke — and murm'ring from her Throne
Wrap'd in a Cloud she for her Mantle chose :
Thence big with ills, yet undiscover'd came
To *Semele's* Abode, the witness of her Shame :
Her cloudy Vail, and airy form retain'd,
Till she the marks of injur'd Age had fein'd :
Plac'd on her Temple's slight decaying Hairs,
Worn out by time, and snow'd upon by years ;
Furrow'd her wrinkled Skin in ev'ry place,
And dragg'd her bending Limbs with feeble pace.
Her mournful Voice was with her strength deprest,
And whin'd out Tones consistent with the rest ;
Like *Semele's* Old *Epidaurian Nurse*,
In all her fondling Actions and Discourse.
Therefore when after various Char, they came
To speak of *Jove*, and lit upon his name,

She

She sigh'd and — 'Would 'twere *Jupiter*; but fear
 ' And much suspect him personated here.
 ' For 'tis a common Trick, and much in use,
 ' When a young Virgin suffers an abuse,
 ' To counterfeit and palliate the Design,
 ' With a *God's name*, which makes the Fact Divine.
 ' Nor is't enough he represents great *Jove*,
 ' Let him give *Nervous tokens* of his Love;
 ' Such lasting Efforts, and Cœlestial Charms,
 ' As when he lies dissolv'd in *Juno's Arms*,
 ' With all the shining Ensigns of his State,
 ' Your Joys as perfect, as his Strength is great.

By *Juno's* words thus ignorantly fram'd,
 She begg'd of wanton *Jove* a Gift unnam'd.
 When thus the kind consenting-God repl'd,
 ' Speak but thy Choice, it shall not be deni'd ●
 ' And to confirm thy Faith, let *Stygian Gods*,
 ' And all the Tenants of Hell's dark Abodes
 ' Witness my Promise, these are Oaths that bind,
 ' And Gods that keep, ev'n *Jove* himself confin'd.

Transported with the sad Decree, she feels,
 Ev'n mighty satisfaction in her Ills;

And

And just about to perish by the grant,
And kind compliance of her fond *Gallant*,
Bespeaks him thus —

‘ Assume *Jove*’s Vigour, as you own *Jove*’s Name,

‘ The same the strength, and Sinewy force the
same,

‘ As when you mount the great *Saturnia*’s Bed,

‘ And lock’d in her embrace, diffusive glories shed.

The Voice was out, and mix’d it self with Air,

Nor could the God recall the *Mortal*’s Pray’r.

He wish’d indeed the sad *request* unmade

(But Heav’n it self can’t alter what is said);

There was a like fatality in both;

She could not change what’s ask’d, nor *He* his Oath.

Up to the Skies unwilling *Jove* return’d,

And *Semele*’s Misfortune deeply imburn’d:

Then to the work of Fate the afflicted God,

Summon’d the Clouds obedient to his Nod,

With these he shows, and lambent Lightning join’d,

And swift unerring Thunder mix’d with Wind.

Yet that he might their baneful Force allay,

Took half their force and wonted Strength away.

Not arm'd with that, or strong-bolt dreadful Fire,
That made his *hundred-handed* Foe retire :
'Twas much too cruel for the present use,
Not fit for *her* to bear, or *him* to chuse.
There was a lighter Bolt the *Cyclops* fram'd,
Less raging, and less hurtful, and inflam'd ;
Gods call't *Jove's second-rated Dart*, and this
He took, as proper for such work, as his.
Entring her House, with all his Heav'n array'd,
She trembled at the Flame, which round her play'd ;
Nor could her Mortal Body bear the sight
Of glaring Beams, and strong Cœlestial Light ;
But scorch'd all o're, with *Jove's* embrace expir'd,
And mourn'd the Gift so eagerly desir'd.

Her Infant, yet imperfect, and unmade,
Into the Father's Thighs by slight convey'd,
Waits till his Mother's Time's compleatly run ;
And all the Rights of reg'lar Breeding done.
Ino by theft first takes him to her care,
And Suckles him, as other Infants are ;
For Nurses next *Nyssa*n Nymphs are giv'n,
Who keep him close as *Bastard* Son of Heav'n ;

And

And when brought up with Food his Years require,
He'll climb the Spheres, and Whore as stoutly as his Sire.
Now whilst these things were acted here on Earth,
And Nymphs conceal'd young twice-born *Bacchus*
Birth ;

Jove, as they say, well steep'd in Nectar, grew
Sportive (*as sometimes Deities will do.*)
And all his Cares and Bus'ness laid aside,
Was pleas'd to be *facetious* with his Bride.
Nor was the Jolly Goddess less dispos'd
To mirth, and so a Topick was propos'd ;
When *Jove* — Your Joys are greater, and prevail
Much o'er the feeble Pleasures of the Male.
Juno denies, and earnest to confute
Her *leering Spouse*, grows hot in the Dispute.
At length to finish the laborious Strife,
And set things right again'twixt Jove and's Wife,
With one consent the bus'ness was referr'd
To the decisive Judgment of a Third ;
Tiresias was the fittest Man they knew
Experienc'd in Male Joys, and Female too.

For as two Snakes in civil freedom lay
Engendring *cheek by chowl*, as sure they may,
The stern Philosopher's sagacious look
Could not such rude undecent Courtship brook,
But hindred the Diversion with a stroke.
When he (*and 'twas sufficient penance for't*)
Was chang'd to a *Retainer* for the Sport,
Made Woman, and in that most lewd *Vocation*,
For his Instruction serv'd *sev'n years probation*;
When on the Eighth (tho it was wondrous strange
That Sex could stay so long without a change)
Again he saw them in the same condition,
As in their first unmannerly coition.
' If from a blow (he said) such changes rise,
' That he that strikes your Bodies, loses his;
' I'll try what now the Magick stroke can do,
And his first form succeeded to the blow :
With all the manly signs of Propagation,
And Tokens requisite for the *begetting station*.

He therefore being chosen Arbitrator
Of this litigious *mighty little* matter,

Gave up the Cause to *Jove*, which you may guess
Vex'd *Juno* damnably, *nor could it less*.

She therefore set her Wits at work, to find
A punishment, and made Sir *Tell-troth* blind.
When *Jove* All-pow'rful, but in this, (for none
Of all the Gods can make what's done undone)
To recompence his Judge for being blind,
Gave him for want of Eyes, *the light of mind*.
Made him a Fortune-teller, and the *Gain*
And Fame together much outweigh'd the *Pain*.

This quickly spread abroad the *Prophet's* Name,
And fill'd *Aonian* Cities with his Fame.

To whatsoe're th' enquiring People crave,
He unexceptionable *Answers* gave.

Liriope's Mischance his words fulfill'd,
Whom heretofore *Cephus* got with Child.

She pregnant grew, and when her time was come,
Discharg'd a Lovely Infant from her Womb;

Lovely ev'n then; *Narcissus* was his Name:

Concerning him they to the Prophet came,
Vainly inquiring if the *Child* shou'd thrive,
And to the Winter of old Age arrive.

If he ne'er knows himself, says he, he may.
But long conceal'd the doubtful meaning lay.
At last his Death, his Madness, and his Pain,
Did the *Prophetick* Sense too well explain.
For when he had fulfill'd his thrice third Year,
And might at once *Young man* and *Boy* appear.
Much did the *Youths*, the Virgins lov'd him much;
But yet his inbred *Stubbornness* was such,
That neither cou'd the wish'd-for Prize obtain:
In vain the *Youths* the Virgins lov'd, in vain.

When to his Nets he drove the trembling Deer,
Him *Eccho* saw, *Eccho* that can't forbear
To answer what she hears, yet never cou'd
Speak first, but only answer thro' the Wood.
A *Body* then she was, not only *Sound*,
Yet of her Tongue no other use was found
Than now she has; which never cou'd be more
Than to repeat what she had heard before.
This Change impatient *Juno's* Anger wrought;
Who when her *Jove*, she o're the Mountains sought,
Was oft by *Eccho's* cheating Voice misled,
Whilst the shy *Nymphs* to Caves and *Grotto's* fled.

Which

Which when intrag'd *Saturnia* saw, she said,
Curst be the Voice by which *I've* been betray'd.
Th' Event confirms the *Menace*. *Eccho* straight
Cou'd only the last Words and Sounds repeat.

When thro' the Woods she saw *Narcissus* rove,
Her heart grew warm, and straight she fell in love.
Slily she did his wandring steps pursue;
Greater her flame, as she approach'd him, grew.
Just as the Sulphur draws the attractive heat
To every part, soon as the Torch is light.
How often wou'd she, if she cou'd, explain
In tender words the anguish of her Pain!
Nature forbids the very attempt; nor may
She try to speak, what she so fain wou'd say.
Yet what she can she does endeavour still,
She's only from the Act debarr'd, not Will.

By chance the *Youth* from his Companions stray'd,
Cry'd out, *Who's here?* who's here the Answer's
Amaz'd he casts his wandring Eyes around, (made.
Come hear, says he, *Come hear* the Woods resound:
He looks about again, and finding none
Approach, *Why do ye thus my person shun;*

Says he? and straight so many words again
He does receive for those he spoke in vain.
Though oft deceiv'd, yet still he cries, *Let's meet* ;
The willing Nymph does straight the words repeat.
Pleas'd with the Voice, and ravish'd with his
Charms,

She strives to grasp the *Lov'd one* in her Arms,
But all in vain ; he nimbly quits the place,
And forces off her hands from the Embrace.
Despis'd, she ever since remains in Caves,
Or hides her blushing Cheeks among the Leaves.
Her Love increases, and no limit knows ;
The more she grieves, the stronger still it grows.
Eternal Cares perplex her troubled mind ;
She can no Cure, nor no Diversion find
Her Flesh consumes, and moulders with Despair,
And all her Body's Juice is turn'd to Air ;
(So wondrous are th' Effects of easeless pain)
'That nothing but her Voice and Bones remain.
Nay ev'n the very Bones at last are gone,
And *Metamorphos'd* to a thoughtless Stone.

Yet still the *Voice* does in the Woods survive;
The *Form*'s departed, but the *Sound*'s alive.
Thus her, and other Nymphs that him pursu'd,
The wanton Youth delighted to delude.
His outward form betray'd 'em first, and then
He left 'em, as before he serv'd the Men.
Till at the last some injur'd Youth or Maid
With hands lift up to Heav'n devoutly pray'd,
So let him Love, but ne'er his Love enjoy; (Boy.
And *Nemesis* confirm'd the Pray'rs that curs'd the
There was, by chance, a living Fountain near,
Whose unpolluted Channel ran so clear,
That ev'n 'twas *liquid* Silver you wou'd think,
Where never Shepherds, nor their Flocks did drink;
Which never Bird, nor any stragling Beast,
Nor Branches falling from the Trees molest,
Encompas'd with a Verdant Plot of Grass,
Which by the Neighb'ring Moisture nourish'd was.
So neatly close the friendly Trees were set,
As left no room for *Sol*'s intruding heat.

Thither the *Youth* fatigu'd with sport and toil
Retreated to refresh himself a-while,
Pleas'd with the beauty of the Spring and Soil.
When to the Stream to quench his Thirst he goes,
Another, and a fiercer Thirst arose.
For whilst he drinks, ev'n in the very Draught,
He's with his own reflected Beauty caught.
He loves an Image, which no Body had;
And what he thinks a Substance, is a Shade.
Amaz'd he looks, till all his Sense is gone,
Fix'd like a Statue made of *Parian* Stone.
He views his Eyes, which like twin Stars appear,
Hands worthy *Bacchus*, and *Apollo* Hair.
His Youthful Cheeks, his Snowy Neck, each Grace
That shines thro' the mixt beauty of his Face :
He admires All, for which he is admir'd ;
Desires himself, and is himself desir'd ;
Wishes, Approves, and is himself Approv'd ;
Himself he vainly Loves, and is Belov'd.
Oft wou'd he the Fallacious Image kiss,
And strive the flying *Phantome* to embrace ;

As if what has no Being cou'd be caught ;
 Not sensible that 'twas himself he fought.
 He knows not what he sees, yet what is seen,
 Has the true Cause of all his Passion been ;
 Those very Eyes that first deceiv'd him , still
 Increase the Error, and foment the Ill.
 'Vain Youth, why do you, what avoids you, Love?
 'That Form's destroy'd, if you but hence remove.
 'The watry Beauty which you doat upon,
 'Is but the *Repercussion* of your own.
 'Thas no *Existence* in it self, but *you* ;
 'With you it comes , if you depart, 'twill go.
 But no regard to Quiet, or to Food,
 Cou'd tempt the *Boy* from the destructive Wood.
 He lies extended on the shady Grass,
 And views with greedy Eyes th' *imagin'd* Face.
 Raising his Body gently by degrees,
 He stretch'd his Hands to the surrounding Trees.
 'Tell me, *ye Woods*, for you have often been,
 'Of undiscover'd Love the conscious Scene ;
 'You surely know : *say*, Did you ever see
 'A Wretch, that lov'd prepost'rously like me?

I'm

‘ I’m charm’d and pleas’d with what I see ; and that
‘ Which Charms and Pleases, do’s my Grief create.
‘ For ev’n the thing I see, I cannot find ;
‘ Such Error do’s misguide a Lover’s mind.
‘ Besides, it strangely aggravates my pain,
‘ That neither Seas nor Hills my Wish restrain,
‘ Nor Roads that need be difficultly past,
‘ Nor fenced Cities with strong Walls embrac’d;
‘ A *little Drop of Water* does remove,
‘ And keep me from the Object of my Love.
‘ Ev’n *he himself* desires to be caught ;
‘ For when my Lips are to the Surface brought,
‘ He strives to meet them from the t’other side ;
‘ So small a distance do’s our Loves divide !
‘ Who e’re thou art, that do’st my Eyes deceive,
‘ Come forth, and thy enchanted Mansion leave.
‘ Where do you fly ? Sure, nor my Age, nor Form
‘ Can give distaste, for they the Nymphs cou’d
 charm.
‘ You seem to promise favour to your Friend ;
‘ And when I stretch my Hand, you yours extend.

You

' You Smile to see me Smile ; and when I Weep,
 ' Your very Tears with mine do measure keep.
 ' And by the motion of your Lips, I guess
 ' You fain would something to my Ears express.
 ' —I now perceive, *I'm* what I have pursu'd,
 ' Nor do's my *Image* longer me delude.
 ' My Love do's vainly on *my self* return,
 ' And fans the cruel Flames with which I burn.
 ' The *thing* desir'd, I still about me bore,
 ' And too much Plenty has confirm'd me Poor.
 ' Oh! that I from my much Lov'd-self cou'd go !
 ' 'Tis a strange Wish, yet wou'd to God 'twere so!
 ' My Grief consumes my Strength, and I perceive
 ' I've but a very little time to live.
 ' Nor shall of my untimely Fate complain,
 ' If with my *Bodies* Death I end my pain.
 ' But fain I wou'd, that *he* I love, might live
 ' *To better times, and fairer Fates survive,*
 ' And not conclud'd by my Fortunes, fall
 ' Two Lovers in one *Death* and *Funeral*.
 This said, he madly seeks th' enchant'd place,
 Where first he saw the fair deluding Face ;

And

And with his Tears the Liquid Waters mov'd,
Which blur'd the Image he so vainly lov'd:
Perplex'd the more, perceiving him depart,
'O! do not rudely thus your Friend desert.
'Oh! stay, says he, it will afford some ease,
'To see what I'm forbidden to embrace.
Transported with his Rage, his Cloaths he rends,
And beats his naked Bosom with his Hands;
A livid blewness follow'd every Blow,
Whence blushing Streams of reeking Blood did
flow.

Just like those Apples where the White and Red
In equal parts around the Fruit is spread;
Or such as in the Purple Grape is seen,
Not yet maturely Ripe, nor wholly Green.
Which when he in the Liquid Mirror sp'd,
Unable his prevailing Grief to hide:
Dissolv'd beneath the weight of his desires;
He faints, and in the hidden Flames expires;
As Wax before the Fire do's melt and run,
Or Morning Frosts before the Rising-Sun.

No Vigour, Srength, or Beauty do's remain;
 The Charms are vanish'd that adorn'd the Swain }
 Which *Eccho* lov'd, for which she fights in vain.
 Tho Angry, yet the *Nymph* cou'd not forbear
 To mourn his Fate, and grace it with a Tear.
 Ah, miserable Youth, she often cry'd! (pli'd!
 Ah, miserable Youth, the *Nymph's* last words re-
 When with his Hands he did his Shoulders wound,
 She still took care to *Eccho* back the sound.
 At last, as in the Spring his Face he spy'd,
 O! Boy belov'd by me in vain, he cri'd;
 Farewell, O lovely Boy, belov'd in vain!
 Farewell, the Place and *Eccho* cri'd again.
 Deceas'd upon the tender Grass he lies,
 Whilst fullen Death clos'd up those charming Eyes, }
 That us'd to view their Master with surprize.
 Yet after Death his Madness do's remain,
 And in *Infernal Lakes* he views himself in vain.
 The *Naiades* their Brother's Fate lament,
 And mourn with Shaven-heads and Garments rent.
 The *Dryades* bewail; and *Eccho* too
 Joins in the doleful Confort of their Woe.

A Bier,

A Bier, a Pile, and Torches they prepare,
But all in vain, they find no *Body* there;
A Purple Flower is only to be found
Compass'd with *white* and *shining* Leaves around.

Soon as the News of these strange things were
told,

The *Prophet's* Name through *Grecian* Cities roll'd.
His Credit still increas'd where e're he came,
And due Success enlarg'd his growing Fame.
Pentheus alone his just Applause deny'd;
Pentheus, who durst both Gods and Men deride,
Upbraids him with the blindness *Juno* wrought,
And urges his Misfortunes for his fault.

But the Old Man shaking his hoary Head;
How happy also wou'dst thou be, *he said*,
If thou like me, wert blest with want of Eyes,
And never see those Rites thou wilt despise.
For if I don't mistake, the time draws near
That *Semeleian Bacchus* will appear,
Whom, if you scorn to Honour and Adore,
You shall, *you Wretch*, in thousand Parts be tore;

Your

Your scatter'd Limbs shall strew the fatal Wood,
And stain your Aunts and Mother with your Blood.
It will be so, your hapless Fate is such;
You'll then complain that I have *seen* too much.
Pentheus inrag'd with what he cou'd not bear,
Commanded Silence, and no more wou'd hear:
Th'event attested what the *Prophet* told,
And Death ensuing did the whole unfold.
Bacchus appears, and all the Fields around,
With mingled Shouts of Men and Women found.
The *Nobles* and *Plebeians* crowd along,
Devoutly all to unknown Rites do throng.
When *Pentheus* saw the Holy *Cavalcade*,
He stretch'd himself, and thus he fiercely said:
What Madness do's *Mavortian Off-spring* thus
Prompt on to Actions so ridiculous?
Can Sounding Brass, and Magick Frauds persuade
Such Rage, as do's ev'n Reasons Throne invade;
That those whom neither Warlike Sword or Spear,
Nor Troops encountring Troops cou'd strike with
fear,

To

To Female Sounds, inspir'd with dang'rous Wine,
Their Wit and Courage tamely must resign?
Are you the mighty Men whom they report,
Did hither from abandon'd *Tyre* resort?
Who after many Toils and Dangers chose
This Place for you, and your *Dear Gods* repose?
And will you without fighting be subdu'd,
By an unarm'd Half-female Multitude?
But you inwhom both Strength and Courage joyn,
Whose Years more nearly do resemble mine;
A Sword your Hands, a Helmet fits your Heads
Better than *Leavy* Crowns, and Spears of Reeds.
Remember, I beseech you, whence you sprung;
Assume *his* Courage, who whole Numbers stung
To Death; so high were his Resentments grown,
As to engage a *Multitude* alone.
He dy'd in fighting for his Den and Springs;
You fight for what Immortal Honour brings.
He Hero's, and the Valiant did subdue;
They're only Women to be quell'd by you.
But if the Gods forbid that *Thebes* shall stand,
I'd have it ruin'd by some Warlike Hand.

Tho

Tho we should live to see that fatal time,
We may be Wretched, but without a Crime.
'Twill be some Satisfaction in the Grave,
T'have bravely lost what we cou'd never save.
But now, must *Thebes* be taken by a Boy,
Who ne're did Arms, or Horse, or Sword employ!
Whose painted Vestments and anointed Hair,
The Vertues of the Hot-brain'd Youth declare.
Whom, if you'll but forbear, I will compel
His spurious Father, and feign'd Rites, to tell.
Acrisius bravely the vain God defy'd,
And his rude Entrance into *Greece* deny'd:
And shall a Stranger *Pentheus* afright,
With all the Force of *Thebes* to back his Right?
Haste, haste, *says he*, my Laws brook no delay,
Go, fetch their Drunken General away.

His Uncle and his Friends, his Words withstand,
Réprove him, and in vain wou'd hold his Hand;
Advice provokes his Passion, and the Rage
Encreases by their labour to assuage.
So have I known a Torrent gently glide,
When nothing do's obstruct the easy Tide;

But if great Stones are in the Passage thrown,
It swells the more, and violently pours down.
The bloody Messengers return, but bring
No Tidings of the God unto their King;
One of his Train by chance they stragling found,
And him, *say they*, we've brought before you bound;
He from the *Tyrrhen* Shoar at first did stray,
Follow'd the God, and did his Rites obey.

No sooner *Pentheus* did the Man discern,
But straight his Looks with Rage grew fiercely stern;
He hardly cou'd the little time allow,
To be inform'd of what he long'd to know.
Thou, who art doom'd a speedy Death to find,
And leave thy Learned Documents behind,
Says he, Come, quickly tell me whence you came,
Your own, your Parents, and your Countries Name?
What brought you from your Native Worship, o're;
To learn new Manners, and strange Gods adore?
He fearless said, *Aeetes* is my Name;
Maonia is the Country whence I came;
From a *Plebeian* Family I rose;
My Father cou'd no large Estate dispose,

No Fields of rich and fertile Glebe bestow,
Which sturdy Oxen shou'd Manure and Plow;
No Herds of Cattle, and no Flocks of Sheep,
Whose Fleeces might themselves and Masters keep!
He only knew how with his Line and Hook,
To catch the wanton Fishes in the Brook.
This was his whole Estate, no other Trade,
Or to enrich himself or me, he had.
Dying, said he, 'These Waters, and this Art,
'Is all that I am able to impart.

'[My Will cannot beyond my Pow'r advance;]

This only I can call Inheritance.

But soon disdaining to be here confin'd,

To Navigation, I apply'd my mind;

How to Conduct a Ship, and how to note

The wary Signs of the *Olenian* Goat,

The show'ry *Hyades*, the *Northern* Bear,

The *Pleiades*, and every other Star

That might be useful to the Mariner.

The several Points from whence the Winds do
blow,

And to what Ports Ships may securely go.

By chance, as I the Isle of *Delos* made,
By favourable Winds and Oars misled,
I happily was cast on *Chia's* Land;
Approach'd the Shore, and Anchor'd on the Sand.
When Night was spent, and first the morning Ray
Blush'd, and gave notice of the Coming-day;
I rose, and here fresh Water bid them bring,
And show'd the way which led unto the Spring.
Then from a rising Ground I did discry
The prospect of the Weather and the Sky:
Call'd my Companions from the distant Shore,
To work the Ship that they had *Mann'd* before.
We're here, my *Mate Opheltus* cry'd, and brought
A Prize which he had in the Desert caught;
A youthful Boy with Beauty painted o're,
He led in Triumph on the Captiv'd Shore,
Reeling, o'recome with too much Wine and Sleep,
Could hardly pace with him that led him, keep.
I view'd his Port, his Gesture, and his Mien,
And said, that nothing Mortal there was seen.
And to my Comrades, what I saw reveal'd,
That sure some God was in that Form conceal'd.

A Deity it is: 'Who e'er thou art,
' Thy kind Assistance to our Toil impart;
' And pardon what these men have done amiss,
Tour Pray'r for us, says Dictys, useless is,
Dictys, than whom no nimble *Tarr* alive
Cou'd sooner to the Topmost head arrive.
Furl the Top-gallant sails, or right the Fane;
And by a single Rope slide down again.
Libys, Melanthus, and Alcimedon,
Epopens too, approv'd of what was done.
In short, they all in one Design were join'd,
The Covetous hope of *Prize* had made 'em blind.
Such Wickedness I never will endure,
Said I, and sure I have so much Right and Pow'r.
Whilst I oppos'd their bringing him on board,
Straight *Lycabas* assaults me with his Sword;
Nor cou'd I from his Rage my self defend,
My Throat was wounded by his stronger Hand;
And headlong in the Sea I had been cast,
But that I seiz'd a Rope that held me fast.

The Impious Crew approv'd the cursed Deed.
Bacchus at last rais'd up his drowsy Head,

(As if the noise had wak'd him from his rest)
And his right Senses re-assum'd his Brest.
What means this noise? How came I here, says he?
Whither do you design to carry me?
Fear not, says *Proreus*, let your heart at ease,
Tell us what Port, we'll land you where you please.
Naxos, says he, your Course to *Naxos* steer,
My House, my Riches, and Estate are there.
I'll well reward you, if you grant my Boon;
They swear by all the Gods it shall be done;
And straight command to loose the Sails with speed,
And to th' intended Port the Vessel guide.
Naxos was on the Right, to th' Right I steer.
Opheltes cri'd, what business have we there?
Madman and Fool, where do you mean to go?
Some nod unto the Left, some whisper, 't must be so.
Amaz'd, said I, let who will mount the Stern,
And take the Helm, I'll not my self concern.
I'm blam'd by all; when straight *Ethalion*
Supplies my Place; says he, In you alone
Our safety is repos'd. Without delay
He claps the Helm a Weather, and bears away.

Away

Away he scuds afore the following Wind
To Foreign Coasts, and *Naxos* left behind.
The God stood still, and saw the Fraud a-while,
And cover'd his Resentments with a Smile.
Whilst from the Deck he view'd the swelling Sea,
With falsely counterfeited Tears, said he,
Are these the Shoars and Land you promis'd me?
What is my Crime? what have I done amiss,
To merit such a Punishment as this?
What Honour, or what Glory will it be
To over-reach a simple Boy like me?
The stubborn *Crew* do all my Tears despise, (Seas:
And with their hasty Oars provoke the sluggish
' Now by the God we bore, I swear to you,
' That nothing I relate but what is true.
In middle Sea the Ship stood like a Rock,
As fixt and moveless as 'twas in the Dock.
Thick Ivy branches did their Oars confine,
And round about the Sails and Tackling twine.
The God with Grapes and racy Chaplets crown'd,
Brandish'd a Spear with Vine-leaves circl'd round.

About him Tigers and Fierce Panthers flood,
And all the imagin'd Monsters of the Wood.
The men amaz'd, use double Force and skill ;
Ply Oars and Sails, but yet the Ship stood still.
(Whether 'twas Fear, or Madness, or Mistake,
That did this wond'rous Transformation make.)
The men leapt over-board, and *Medon* first
With a black Shape and spreading Fins was curst.
Ah ! ah ! said *Lycabas*, what Tricks are these,
Are you Curvetting in the briny Seas?
When straight his Mouth was turn'd into a Snowt,
And his smooth Skin adorn'd with Scales about.
Libys, endeavouring next to disengage
The Oars from the Obstruction, felt the Rage
Of *Bacchus* ; Lo ! when a new Change begins,
His brawny Hands soon dwindle into Fins.
Another while he strives to *Hand* the Sails,
Straight finds his Body cover'd o'er with Scales ;
Looses his Hands, and tumbles in the Seas,
Whilst from his hinder parts a forked Tail does rise,
With such a Figure as is often shown
In the new Horns of the increasing Moon.

And

And ever since they take their Pastime *there*,
And sometimes toss their Bodies in the Air ;
Then nimbly dive again beneath, and snort,
And with wide Nostrils snuff the Waves in sport.
Thus among twenty Sailors there were none
Without a Change, besides my self alone.
Astonish'd with these Wonders, and dismay'd,
The *God* encourag'd me, and thus he said ;
'Forget your Suff'rings, and dismiss your Fear,
'To *Dia* now your Course directly steer.
Thither at last we safely were convey'd,
And ever since I have the *God* obey'd.

To your long Tale we've lent a patient Ear,
That Wrath might by delay grow less severe ;
Cri'd angry *Pentheus*, 'Take away the Slave,
'And send him down with Torture to the Grave.

Forthwith *Acatus* closely is confin'd,
His Hands and Legs with heavy Chains they bind.
But whilst they shew their Industry and Care,
And all the bloody Instruments prepare,
Straight on its own accord the Prison-Door
Flew open, tho' twas Lock'd and Barr'd before ;

Forc'd

Forc'd by the Vertue of some unknown Charms,
The broken Chains fell from his loaded Arms.

But *Pentheus* still persists in his Design,
Nor sends, but goes himself to Rites Divine.
With haste and rage he's to *Cytheron* bound,
Where all the Fields with holy Shouts resound.
Just as a War-horse champs the foaming Bit,
When the Shrill Trumpets sound a Charge for
Fight.

So *Pentheus* frets and foams, and storms and stares,
Whilst the loud Sound strikes his offended Ears.
His Mother first the daring Wretch espies,
Beholding Sacred things with Prophane Eyes;
Madly inspir'd, first wounds him with her Spear,
And then cries out, *Look here, my Sisters, here;*
Here's the wild Boar that has our Fields annoy'd,
This Boar must now be by our hands destroy'd.
They all fall on him, and their Rage renew;
He trembling flies, but they too quick pursue.
Urg'd by his Fears, to late Repentance brought,
He sues for Pardon, and condemns his Fault.

Autonoe, he cries, cease now your Rage,
 O let *Actæon*'s Ghost your wrath assuage;
 She knows not who *Actæon* is, but tears
 His Right Arm off, i'th' midst of all his Prayers.
 By *Ino* straight of t'other he's bereft,
 Nor has he either Hands or Fingers left;
 Only a wounded Carcase does remain,
 Which to his Mother he presents in vain.
Agave gladly seeing what was done,
 Does madly to dismembred *Pentheus* run.
What's done is yours: This, this alone's our Deed,
 And from his bleeding Shoulders smote his Head,
 Just with such equal Violence and speed,
 As Leaves blown from the Tree, in *Autumn* fall,
 With such a Wind as shakes the Tree and all.
 Admonish'd by these Wonders, *Theban* Dames,
 Made Sacred Altars blaze with holy Flames.

The Fourth Book.

The Argument of the Fourth Book.

Alcithoe with her Sisters condemn the Rites of Bacchus, and prophane his Festival by sitting at Work; and to pass the time off, tell each her Story; Viz. The Tragical Loves of Pyramus and Thisbe, Leucothoe's Passion for the Son, Hermaphroditus and Salmacis. The foremention'd Sisters afterwards transform'd into Birds; their Webs and Disasters into Vine-Leaves and Branches. Agave's Joy upon the Misfortune of theirs, turn'd into Grief; Ino and Athamas being seiz'd with a Frenzy that caus'd them to cast themselves into the Sea, where they became Marine Deities. The Theban Matrons bewailing them as dead, are themselves chang'd into Fowls. Cadmus also oppress'd with Grief for this Disaster, leaves Thebes, and with his Wife takes Progress into Illyria, where they are both transform'd into Snakes. Accrisus was now the only surviving Person of those who treated Bacchus with Contempt. He was Grandfather to Perseus, who had cut off the Gorgon's Head. After the Releasing of Andromeda, he transforms Actaeon into a Mountain. A Quarrel afterwards arising at his Nuptial Feast, he changes Phineas and his Party into Statues.

YET rash Alcithoe still disavows
 His Rites, nor Bacchus for Jove's Son allows
 Her Sisters too, seduc'd by her Neglect,
 Afford the Sacred Orgies no respect.



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His Priest a Festival Proclaims, to be
 Observ'd by Dames, and Maids from labour free.
 When drest in Skins of Beasts they must appear,
 Wild Ivy shading their dishevell'd Hair,
 Their Right Hand brandishing a Leafy Spear,
 Thus he commands, and Prophecies withal,
 Strange Dooms should those that slight the God
 befall.
 The Matrons, and new-marri'd Wives obey;
 Aside their half-spun Webs and Distaffs lay.
 And, while with od'rous Gums the Altar flames,
 Salute the God by all his honour'd Names.
 No Title they, which either *Grecian* Wit
 Invented, or his Merits claim'd, omit.
 Hail Son of Fire (they sung) twice-got, twice-born,
 Eternal Youth and Vigour thee adorn.
 In Heav'n unrival'd for each God-like Grace!
 Yet, when unhorn'd, thou shewst a Virgin's face.)
 Thee Sun-burnt *India* her first Victor knew,
 And *Eastern Ganges* did thy Triumphs view.
Lycurgus, *Pentheus*, both alike prophane,
 Both Victims, to thy just Revenge, were slain :

Which

Which, as it drench'd the Earth with their vile Blood,
 Their Corps is hurl'd into the *Thyrrhæ* Flood.
 Fierce *Panthers* that did once the Desert awe,
 With tame submissive Necks thy Chariot draw;
 While *Bacchanals* and Satyrs jolly Crew,
 Make up thy Cavalcade; *Silenus* too, (Beast,
 Who propt with's Staff, scarce sits his slow-pac'd
 Reels in the Rear, with fumes of Wine oppress'd.
 Whilst Youths and Matrons undistinguish'd Cries
 And Musick's louder Consonance rends the Skies.
 On their new God, *O come, some pleas'd*, they call:
 Thus they perform his Sacred Festival.

The *Mens*'s full at home perversely stay,
 And with untimely Work prophane the day.
 In different Tasks employ'd, they Weave or Spin,
 And force their Handmaids to partake their Sin.
 Let us, said she who drew the finest Thred,
 (Whilst others idly to false Rites are led)
 Let us, by *Pallas* taught much better skill,
 Proceed, till we our useful Task fulfil.
 And what may best our Pains and Time beguile,
 Let each by turns, a Story tell the while.

The rest consent; and as she counsell'd well,
Address'd the Eldest first her Tale to tell.
She paus'd, to think, of many that occur'd,
Which Story wou'd the most delight afford:
She doubted whether she should first relate
The *Babylonish* Nymph *Dercetis* Fate;
Suppos'd by them of *Palestine* to take
A Fishes Shape, and dwell within a Lake.
Or of the diff'rent Change her Daughter felt,
Turn'd to a Dove that on high Turrets dwelt.
Or how the *Nab's* pow'ful Herbs and Song
Chang'd listning Youths into a Scaly throng;
Till in their Fate she shar'd who did the wrong.
Or of the Tree whose once white Berries grew
(With Blood besprinkled) of a Crimson Hue:
Most pleas'd with This, because it was not stale,
She twirls her Spindle, and begins her Tale.

Young *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* (who excell'd
All Youths and Nymphs the rising-Sun beheld)
Neighb'ring Apartments had, in that fair Town,
Whose Royal Foundress gave it vast Renown:

Close

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Close

Close Neighbourhood Acquaintance early bred,
Acquaintance Love, whose Torch in time had led
The longing Lovers to the Nuptial Bed.
But churlish Parents (tho' with fruitless Pains;
Since wedded were their Hearts) forbad the Banes.
She lov'd like *Pyramus*, like *Thiſbe* he,
For both felt Passion to the last degree.
Yet each had learnt that Passion to disguise,
And in the presence of their watchful Spies,
To correspond by Signs and speaking Eyes.
The Lovers thus did silently Converse, (fierce.
But found, when most suppress'd, their Flames most
Quite thro' the Wall that parted them was left
(By the green Cement's shrinking) a small Cleft:
This slender Breach (as Love is Eagle-ey'd)
For Ages unobserv'd, the Lovers spy'd.
Thro' this, by Whispers, safely they convey
In mutual Courtships, all that Love wou'd say.
Fix'd to the Walls each side, with eager haſt,
Ambrosia in each other's Breath they taſt.
And ſaid, Why envious Marble ſo unkind;
To part our Bodies, when our Souls are join'd?

It were but just that thou shou'dst quit thy Place,
And suffer wishing Lovers to embrace :
Or, if unworthy of so great a Bliss,
At least permit us to exchange a Kifs!
Nor shall we prove ingrateful, who confess
Our selves thy Debtors for this happiness ;
In am'rous Conference to pass the Day,
And to each others Ear our Sighs convey.
Such fond Complaints all day the Lovers sent,
Nor bid farewell till half the Night was spent ;
Warm kisses then to the cold Stone appli'd ,
That were to reach each others Lips deni'd.

Impatient for the next Day's Sun they staid,
When scarce they had the kind good morrow said,
But both resolv'd their Keepers to deceive ,
And in the Dead of Night the City leave.
But, lest they should too far asunder roam,
Appoint their Meeting-place at *Ninus* Tomb.
Where a tall Mulb'ry Tree her Branches spread,
(It's Berries then were white) by Fountains fed.
This was to both their likings so contriv'd,
They thought each Hour an Age till Night arriv'd.

First, *Thisbe*, by the help of a Disguise,
 Steals forth, and undiscover'd by her Spies,
 To *Ninus* Monument by Moon-shine Flies.
 And there beneath th' appointed Tree's cold Shade
 Sat fearless down, by Love couragious made.
 When lo! a Lioness with Blood besmear'd,
 Approaching to the well-known Spring appear'd.
Thisbe at distance did her Danger view,
 And to a neighb'ring Cave in fright withdrew:
 But flying dropt her Mantle on the ground,
 Which (having slack'd her Thirst) the Salvage
 found;

She mouth'd it first with Jaws distain'd in Gore,
 And then with disappointed Fury tore.

When *Pyramus*, who later was releas't,
 Beheld the Track of some enormous Beast,
 His Looks turn'd Pale, but when the Veil he spi'd
 Blood-stain'd and Torn, with Horror seiz'd, he cri'd,
 One luckless Night shall give two Lovers Death,
 Both young,—but worthy One of longer Breath.
 The Guilt was mine, who thee, lamented Maid,
 T' encounter Midnight Dangers did perswade,

And

And came not first. — Return thou Mountain-Beast,
To tear this Flesh, and on my Entrails feast.
But Cowards wait for Death to end their Woe,
Which Men of Courage on themselves bestow.
Then to th' appointed Place the Robe he bears,
There kiss'd it oft, and drench'd it with his Tears;
Enrich'd, said he, with *Thisbe's* guileless Blood,
From me her Murd'rer take a second Flood;
Then drew his Sword to give the fatal Wound,
And backwards fell extended on the Ground.
From his full Veins, dissected with the stroak,
(As when some o'er charg'd Water-pipe is broke)
His starting Blood sprang up, and spouting high,
Chang'd the white Berries to a Crimson-dye:
This sprinkling chang'd their Colour, since suppl'd
From the Tree's Root that drank the Purple-ide.

The Nymph who could not yet her Fears allay,
(Left she too long shou'd make her Lover stay)
Returns to seek him, restless till she tell
In his dear Arms, the Danger that befel.
The Place and Tree by certain Signs she knew,
But wonder'd at the Berries alter'd hue.

She doubts her Senses, till with worse surprize,
Blood-reeking Earth, and quiv'ring Limbs she
spies;

Then starts, turns pale, and trembles like a Tide,
When gentle Breezes ov'r the Surface glide;

But when a second View confirm'd her Fear,

That 'twas her *Pyramus* lay weltring there,

She beat her Breast, and tore her lovely Hair;

Then kneeling down, embrac'd Him in her Arms,

Now senseless grown of her endearing Charms:

To drench his Wound, she weeps a Briny-flood,

With Tears recruiting his exhausted Blood.

She kiss'd his Lips, and when she found 'em cold,

No longer could from wild Complaints with-hold.

What strange mischance, what envious Destiny

Divoces my dear *Pyramus* and me!

Thy *Thisbe* calls,— O *Pyramus* reply!—

Can *Pyramus* be deaf to *Thisbe's* cry?

When *Thisbe's* Name the dying Lover heard,

His half-clos'd Eyes for one last Look he rear'd;

Which having snatch'd the blessing of that Sigh,

Resign'd themselves to everlasting Night.

And

And now the Nymph, with Horror looking
round,

Her stain'd Veil, and his empty Scabbard found,

And thus exclaim'd. — I find, alas, too late!

'Twas thy own Hand and Love procur'd thy Fate.

For thee, why should not this weak Arm of mine

Perform as much, whose Passion equal'd thine?

Or, if my feeble Sex such strength deny,

My Love shall Force and Courage too supply.

'Tis just I should thy kind Companion be,

In that untimely Fate I brought on thee.

To part thee from me, Death had Pow'r alone,

Nor shall Death part,—no; Death shall make us

One!

But you, our cruel Parents, who deny'd

To lay us, living, by each Other's side:

O! since our Wishes and your Fears are fled,

Of ever meeting in the Nuptial Bed,

Permit at least the last Request we crave,

Nor envy us the comfort of One Grave!

And thou, O Tree, who shad'st one Lover dead,

With Boughs that shall another soon o'er-spread;

Of chearful Colour bear no longer Fruit,
But such as Love's sad Funeral may suit.

She said, and to her Breast the Sword apply'd,
While reeking from her bleeding Lover's side.
Her Wishes, which till then had su'd in vain
Her Parents, or the Gods Consent to gain,
In her last Moments did with Both obtain.
The ripening Berries are in Mourning drest,
And in one peaceful Urn the Lovers Ashes rest.

This mournful Story to a period brought,
And a short Interval allow'd to Thought;
Leucatoë did a new Diversion give,
By a more Comick sort of Narrative;
Round whom, while thus she did the Tale relate,
Silent as Mutes her listning Sisters fate.

This very Sun, whose influencing Light,
Do's cherish Nature, as it cheats our Sight;
Has by experience Love's fierce Passion known,
And felt a Flame that did exceed his own.
Since then the business falls to me in course,
I'll entertain you with the Sun's Amours.

This God, 'tis said, for nothing 'scapes his sight,
First saw Love's Goddess in her stol'n delight;
While *Mars*, unarm'd, storm'd absent *Vulcan's* Bed,
And in requital fortified his Head.

Griev'd at the Sight, he hunts all Heav'n about,
And finds at last the limping Cuckold out.
Shews his Wife's falshood, and his vile disgrace,
And tells him too the very time and place.

Vex'd at the Shame he never cou'd recal,
Jove's Blacksmith let his Tools and Courage fall.
With strange concern at this Affront possess'd,
Which if unknown had ne're disturb'd his rest:
But soon the presence of his Mind returns,
And more with Rage, than his own Forge he burns.

He summons strait the *Cyclops* to his aid,
And thin Brass-plates on shining Anvils laid;
Where fairly drawn, by curious Art and Pains,
He works them first to Links, and then to Chains;
Of these such subtil Nets and Traps he made,
That shew'd him perfect Master of his Trade:
So small they were, they did deceive the Sight,
Tho when the Sun-beams lent it all their Light.

Arachne's Net, when spread to take her Prey,
Are not so thin, so finely drawn as they.
The Work thus fram'd, was fitted to the Bed,
And undiscover'd neatly over-spread;
Hither th' adultrous God and Goddess came,
To quench and to revive Loves pleasing Flame.
But by this new Machine for them prepar'd,
Were in the very Act of Love insnar'd.
Vainly o're joy'd, thus to detect the Crime,
Whose bare Suspicion had distracted him,
Vulcan the Ivory-folding Doors unbar'd;
And to *Jove's* Court, lame as he was, repair'd.
Thence call'd the Gods to witness his disgrace,
And view the fetter'd Lovers close embrace,
Which made some long, and wish for *Mars's* place.

But *Venus*, at whose cost their Sport was made,
With sharp Revenge, the loath'd Discov'rer paid.
(For Females rarely so forgiving prove,
To pardon the Obstructors of their Love)
The wrong of injur'd Love she did resent,
And made his Crime become his Punishment.

What

What now avail the Beauties of thy Face,
Or shining Rays that thy smooth Temples grace?
Since thou whose beams Earth's moisture do exhale,
And parch with too much warmth the dusty Ball.
Thy self art scorch'd, and ready to expire
By the strange heat of a more raging Fire.
And only in one Object dost delight,
That thou'dst on All employ thy watchful Sight.
Since those bright Eyes which all the World shou'd
Ogle *Leucothoe*, and are fix'd on her. (Share,
Sometimes thy hasty Beams too early shine,
At other times, as much too late decline.
And while thou standst to gaze on her Delights,
This stay prolongs the tedious Winter Nights.
Sometimes thou fail'st, and in thy Face we find
The same defect that has disturb'd thy Mind;
And whilst this dark Eclipse obscures thy Light,
Astonish'd Mortals tremble at the sight.
Nor does the interposing Moon prevail,
But pow'rful Love, to make thee look so pale.
To her alone thy whole Address was made,
To her thy Vows, to her thy Homage paid.

Nor

Nor *Clymene*, nor *Rhodos* now did please ;
Nor *Circe's* Mother, far transcending these,
Cou'd e'er with-hold thee from *Leucothoe's* Arms,
Though her's were stronger than her Daughter's
Charms.

Nor *Clytie*, who though griev'd at thy disdain,
Lov'd thee too well, since still She lov'd in vain.
Leucothoe alone employ'd thy thought,
All other Loves were slighted or forgot.
This Daughter of *Eurynome* the Sage,
The Celebrated Beauty of her Age ;
Who, ripen'd, did excel her Mother more
Than she outvy'd her yielding Sex before ;
The Vogue of *Achamenian* Towns obtain'd,
Where *Orchamus*, her Royal Father, reign'd.

Within the Confines of the *Eastern* Sky,
The Pastures, kept for *Phæbus* Horses, lie.
Where on the Flowers of an *Ambrosian* Mead,
Instead of Grass, the Aiery Coursers feed.
And with the Banquets of that fat'ning Soil,
Recruit at night against next morning's toil.

While

While there at ease on heav'nly Cates they fed,
And *Phabe* now reign'd in her Brother's stead.
The God disguis'd, like old *Eurynome*,
With reverend Looks, and awful Gravity,
Enter'd the Chamber, where his Mistress sate,
As hard at work, as if she spun for Fate:
Where in a crowd of learning Maids she wrought,
All by her Art, and her Example taught.
Straight *Phabus* kiss'd her in his Masquerade,
But more than a Parental Love betray'd.
Then cry'd, dismiss your Servants hence, my Dear,
I have a Secret, none but you must hear.
The Maids, withdrawn, he reckons her his own,
And makes his Person, and his Bus'ness known.
I am the God that measures out the Year,
And make each Season its due product bear.
I all the World survey, and 'tis by me,
That all the World does its fair Objects see.
But in the spacious Compass of my view
I see no Beauty to compare with you.
His words, intended to obtain her Love,
Did an amazing dread and horror move.

Nor

Nor cou'd she now her Joints and Work command,
It fell neglected from her feeble Hand.

Yet in this fright she did such Charms express,
That made his Passion with her Fear encrease.

And now the God impatient of delays,
Appears himself, and does resume his Rays.

While, tho astonish'd at the sudden Light,
The Virgin soon was dazled with the Sight;

And freely passive did his force sustain,
Nor thought she had occasion to complain :
So eas'ly Courting Gods, their Suit obtain.

But *Clytie* envious that another's Charms
Shou'd force her Lover from her slighted Arms ;
Divulg'd to *Orchamus* his Daughter's Shame,
Glad of the means to blacken thus her Fame.
The angry Parent, (whose inhumane Rage
Not all her soft Intreaties cou'd assuage ;
While to the Author of her Grief, she pray'd,
With hands extended towards his Beams, for aid ;)
As if he might destroy that gave her birth,
Interr'd her living Body in the Earth.

And

And on it rais'd a Tomb of heavy Sand, (stand.
Whose pond'rous weight her rising might with-
This *Phæbus* soon disperst, and made her way
To free her Head from the impris'ning Clay.

But, oh, in vain ! she cou'd not raise her Head,
His Mistress, dearer than his Life, was dead.

Nor did so sad an Object grieve his Eye,
Since *Phaëton* fell headlong from the Sky.

By the warm influence of his Beams he try'd
To raise her Spirits, but the Fates deni'd.

And since he found the great Attempt was vain,
Nor cou'd prevail to call her back again ;
He mourn'd her loss, and sprinkled all her Hearse
With Balmy Nectar, and more precious Tears.

Then said, Since Fate does here our Joy defer,
Thou shalt ascend to Heav'n, and bless me there :
Her Body straight imbalm'd with Heav'nly Art,
Did a sweet Odor to the Ground impart:

And from the Grave a second Tree arise,
That cheers the God with pleasing Sacrifice.

Still mourning *Phæbus* does her loss deplore,
And to scorn'd *Clytie* pays no Visits more.

Tho

Tho too much Love might for her sorrow plead,
And that excuse the sad discovery made,
He hates her Person, and he shuns her Bed.
While she consumes, impatient of the Slight,
Shuns all the Nymphs, and banishes delight.
The Ground all day her Seat, her Bed all night.
Here lies expos'd to the unwholsome Air,
Whose Fogs hang thick on her neglected Hair.
Thus did she languish nine successive days,
And nor her Hunger, nor her Thirst allays.
No kind support of Nature does receive,
But what the Dew, or her own Tears did give.
Nor leaves the Earth, but waits her Lover's rise;
And still attends his motion with her Eyes.
Her Limbs at last were rooted to the Ground,
And where she languish'd, a new Being found:
Her paler Parts in bloodless Leaves arose;
The ruddier a purple Flower disclose.
Which tho by Roots confin'd to keep its place,
Still towards its dearest Object turns its face.
And while she from her self is thus estrang'd,
She finds her Shape, but not her Passion chang'd.

She

She said—— her Story was by All receiv'd
With Wonder, but the Fact by Few believ'd,
All own true Gods with boundless Pow'r endu'd,
But *Bacchus* from that Number they exclude.

Lucotboe's next requir'd her Turn to take,
Who faster pli'd her Work, while thus she spake.

No threadbare Tale (said she) will I recite
Of *Daphnis* by his jealous Mistress's Spite
Transform'd to Stone, nor will your patience vex
With stale Records of *Scythos's* envy'd Sex;
Nor *Celmus* (once the Object of his Love)
Chang'd since to Adamant by angry *Jove*.
How *Corybants* sprang up from hasty shows,
Crocus and *Smilax* languish'd into Flow'rs
As Antiquated Legends I forbear,
And tell what will surprize and charm your Ear.

How *Salmacis* (a harmless Spring before)
Of late contracted the malignant Pow'r,
That with a touch can manly strength rebate,
And render brawny Limbs effeminate,
Is worth your hearing; since the Cause is known
To Few, though all the strange Effect must own.

The

She

The *Naiads* nurst a Boy in *Ida's* shade,
Whom *Mercury* by Beauties Goddess had,
Hermaphroditus; in whose charming Face
His Parents mingled Features you might trace.
Three Lustres past in *Ida's* known Retreats,
Abroad he goes to visit Foreign Seats;
To find new Groves and Streams; nor felt his Toil
With change of Prospects pleas'd in ev'ry Soil.
He travell'd *Lygia*, till a Spring he found
In *Carian* Fields, transparent to the Ground,
Its Banks with Flow'rs instead of Rushes crown'd.
A Nymph inhabited this Chrystal Lake,
Who no Diversion cou'd in Hunting take:
Nor pass'd the Confines of the Neighb'ring Plain,
A Stranger to *Diana*, and her Train.
Oft did her Sisters chide her Sloth, and said,
For shame, O *Salmacis*, unactive Maid,
For shame thy Jav'ling take, or Quiver seize,
And mingle noble Exercise with Ease.
Nor Quiver, Bow, or Javelin wou'd she seize,
Nor quit for Toils of Exercise, her Ease.

But sometimes in her own fair Fountain laves
Her fairer Limbs, and ruffles it to Waves ;
Or curls her Tresses on its flowry Side,
And for a Glass consults the Chrystal Tide.
Naked or dress'd, as by her Fancy led,
Makes wither'd Leaves or springing Grass her Bed.
Toil, Oft gathers Flowers ; and this was her Employ
il. When she discover'd first the lovely Boy :
Nor had she one short minute view'd his Charms
But in that minute wish'd him in her Arms.
nd. She's eager to accost him, yet delays,
And to adjust her Looks and Dress, she stays ;
Then, satisfi'd that both became her well,
plain, She thus accosts him, — Lovely Stranger tell,
Say what thou art ; if Mortal or Divine,
For never have I seen a Form like Thine.
If thou belong'st to blest Abodes above,
And art a God, it's sure the God of Love.
Or if Mortality such Charms can wear,
e, Happy the Parents of a Birth so fair !
Happy the Sister of such matchless Charms,
e, Happy the Nurse who rear'd Thee in her Arms ;

But blest unspeakably 'bove all beside
 Is she whom Thou vouchsaf'st to be thy Bride.
 If such a Nymph there be, I'll not repine,
 So thou'lt admit me for thy Concubine.
 Thou'lt find me (if no more thou hast to give)
 Contented on poor stolen Delights to live.
 But if (as I do hope) Thou art Unwed,
 O take and bless me with thy Nuptial Bed.
 She ceas'd a rising Blush his Face o'erspread,
 (Who knew not Love) but with a brighter Red
 Than Summer Apples on the Sunny side,
 Or polish'd Ivory in Crimson di'd;
 So *Phæbe's* Aspect, in Eclipse, is found,
 While Cymbals to relieve her vainly sound.
 The Nymph entreats (if he no more will give)
 Such Kisses as a Sister may receive.
 But now with fierce Desires impatient grown,
 As round his Iv'ry Neck her Arms are thrown;
 Hence wanton Nymph, stand off, he cri'd, or I
 From Thee and these pollured Seats must fly.
 She (seiz'd with fear) cries, Stranger, I'll be gone,
 And leave you to enjoy this Place alone:

Then

Then with dissembled Steps, aside she goes,
Yet with each Step a backward Look she throws:
She sculks behind a Thicker for Pretence,
Where crawling on her Knees she eyes him thence:
He fancies now the Place to him left free,
And revels in imagin'd Liberty:
His wanton Circuits in the Meads he took,
Till he discover'd the enticing Brook.
There dips his Ankles first, and having tri'd
The Water's Temper, lays his Robes aside.
His naked Beauties struck with new Desire
The Prying *Salmacis*, whose Eyes shot Fire.
Less scorching Glances, and less frequent pass
From *Phæbus* Beams reflected by a Glass.
Rack'd with Delay, she scarce her Joys refrains,
And scarce from the wish'd Embrace abstains.
The Boy, as shiv'ring on the Bank he stood,
Clapt his white Sides, and leapt into the Flood.
Then with his lab'ring Arms his Body rows,
Reflecting such a whiteness where He goes,
As Lillies which in Chrystal we enclose.

The Day's my own, aloud the *Naiad* cri'd;
And naked flung her self into the Tide.
There seiz'd her Prey, that struggled to divorce
Himself in vain, and kisses him by force.
Him weari'd, now she does at will command,
And to his Breast applies her bolder Hand.
She rowls him where she pleases, sink or swim,
Nor can he disengage one struggling Limb.
So fares the Eagle with a Serpent twin'd,
So fares an Oak with wreathing Ivy join'd;
And so the *Polypus*'s fetter'd Prey
Lashes the Waves, but cannot break away.

The Nymph thus seiz'd the still resisting Boy,
And though she cannot her Desire enjoy,
Embraces him more close, the more He's Coy.
Cross Fool, said she, thou striv'st in vain, for know
These folding Arms shall never let Thee go.
Ye pow'rful Gods to my Request agree;
Let Time that Day or Minute never see,
That me from Him shall part, or Him from me.
Her Wish succeeds; their mingled Bodies take
One Figure, and of Two one Person make.

Young

Young *Cyons* thus, of different Kinds, we see
By skilful Grafting knit into a Tree.
But this Compounded Pair you neither can
Call Male or Female, perfect Maid or Man ;
Yet 'twixt 'em such a Person is compil'd ,
As may, though neither, yet be either, stil'd.

Harmaphroditus, who so dearly tri'd
The Sex transforming Vertue of the Tide ;
With Voice (grown shrill) thus to his Parents cri'd. }
O hear me Both, as both your Names I bear,
(In token that to Both I once was Dear)
Let ev'ry man that in this Fountain laves,
Depart half-Male, half Female, from these Waves
With his Disaster griev'd, Both Parents grant
The Wishes of their double Supplicant ; (Force,
And bid the Streams, that chang'd him, keep their
As long as Time and They should hold their Course.

She said — their Tasks the busy Sisters ply,
Prophane his Feast, and still the God defy.
When lo (e'er yet discover'd by their Eyes)
Harsh-sounding Instruments their Ears surprize.

While Myrrhe and Saffron fragrant Odours shed,
And (what is scarcely to be credited)
Their Looms with verdant Ivy are o'erspread.
The Wool turns Leaves, the Threads of Courser
Twine

Prove Branches, curling Tendrels the more fine.

The Season now was come, whose dusky Light
Is neither, yet partakes of Day and Night.

The Fabrick shakes, the Rooms seem all on fire,
(While Lamps and Torches with the Flames conspire)
And fill'd (the Scene's Amazement to encrease)
With dreadful Forms of howling Salvages.

The frighted Sisters mount, and skulk aloof
In fundry Corners of the Winding Roof;
But in their Flight transform'd, for Arms they find
Contracted Pinnions to their Shoulders join'd.

Yet of the Knowledge how this Change arriv'd
By Darkneſs, and their blinder Fears depriv'd
With unplum'd Wings they narrow Circuits take,
And feeble Cries with little Organs make; (Shame,
Haunt Towns, not Groves; and conscious of their
By Twilight fly, and thence derive their Name.

Bacchus

Bacchus, by these Events, in *Thebes* was grown
The God ador'd by all the fearful Town ;
Fair *Ino* in her Nephew's praise delights,
And ev'ry where his mighty Deeds recites.
She only of the Sisters free from Woes,
But what she by her Suffering Sisters knows.

Her *Juno* sees, of her fair Offspring proud,
Her Royal Husband, and her foster God.
And to her self thus talks incens'd; Shall He
Turn a Ship's Crew o'reboard at once to Sea?
That Whore-son make a Mother's hands severe,
Madly her Darlings bleeding Entrails tear?
He into Batts old *Minyas* Daughters turn,
While I affronted still in silence mourn?
Is all my Power reduc'd to childish Tears?
That Bastard Boy more nobly bold appears:
He, in the murther of *Agave's* Son
Shew'd what might be by Godlike fury done:
My Enemy I'll bravely imitate, (Fate.
And make proud *Ino* meet her wretched Sister's
Between thick baleful Yews, the steep dark way
To th' lowest Hell through dismal silence lay;

There *Stygian* Mists infect the Road, and there
New Ghosts and thin unfuneral'd Souls appear.
Paleness and Cold surround the loathsome place,
And new-come Spirits with a mournful pace,
The way to Hell's chief Seat in dreadful numbers
A thousand Avenues, a thousand Gates, (trace.
Th' Insatiable Metropolis dilates ;
And as the Ocean's spacious Womb receives
All Streams, yet room for coming Waters leaves,
So the devouring place all Ghosts retains,
Yet never fills, or of the Crowd complains.
There the Pale Souls unbody'd loosely roam,
Some haunt the Pleas, their Tyrant's Palace some.
The rest, to pass their Sorrows, imitate
The vain Employments of their Mortal State.
Juno (so far could Rage and Malice go)
Could quit the Skies to find these Seats of Woe.
But when her Entrance made the Threshold sound
Three-headed *Cerberus* through Night profound,
Shook Hell's waste Empire with three dreadful
Howls ,
Whose hideous Echo fear'd the trembling Souls.

The

The Goddess calls the Night-born Furies straight,
(Sisters implacable, and stern as Fate ;)
Before the Dungeon's Gate, which Diamond
With Locks and Chains, and Barricadoes bound,
They sate ; and out with long lean Fingers drew
Black Snakes, which from their Heads like Elveloks
grew.

When *Juno* they through murky gloom descry'd,
Up rose the Fiends, and laid the prospect wide
Of that dire place, which, from mens Crimes and
Woes,

By th' name of *Wicked* through Hell's Empire goes.

There *Titus* might be seen, his Breast display'd,
His monstrous bulk o're nine huge Acres laid ;
His Liver by a thousand Vultures torn,
Still new to their repeated Tortures born.
There *Tantalus* with thirst in Water dies,
While bobbing Fruit still from his hunger flies.
There *Sisyphus* rolls up the weighty Stone,
Which, when he hopes to lodge, is slipt and gone.
Himself, *Ixion* to the Wheel fast bound,
Still flies and follows in an endless round.

And

And *Danaus's* Daughters too, whose barbarous hands
Could murder those whom all the sacred Bands
Of Blood and Marriage to themselves had join'd,
To fill the unbottom'd Cask with easeless pains
confin'd.

Juno lookt o're 'em all with lowring Eyes,
But at *Ixion* most her Passions rise :
But turn'd from him, the *Sisyphus* glanc'd o're,
And why, said she, should this poor Brother more
Than all the rest endure? or why should He
A Slave to these perpetual Tortures be?

While *Athamas*, a Monarch proudly reigns,
And with his Queen our Deity disdains?
Then she declares the grounds of all her hate,
Her journey down, and what she'd fain be at :
That *Cadmus's* Royal House might quickly all
In dismal ruins and confusion fall.

And that by Furies *Athamas* engag'd,
Might be in some unnatural Act engag'd.

Prayers, Promises, Commands she blends in one,
And eggs the Fiends importunately on.

Hoary *Tisiphone*, when *Juno* ceas'd,
Back from her Eyes her uncomb'd tresses prest;
And from her Lips the Snakes she thrust aside,
And thus in short to *Juno*'s words repli'd. (mands
Talk's needless here, conclude your great Com-
Perform'd! then leave, great Queen, these hateful
Lands.

Return to that sweet Air which gently flies
Beneath the Concave of your Native Skies!

Glad *Juno* quits the place, but since grown fowl
By those black steams which thro' Hell's Regions
Iris with Dew her Mistress purifies (roul,
E're she assumes her Seat above the Skies.

Tisiphone straight snatch'd a bloody Brand,
Threw on her Plad with goary Crimson stain'd;
With spotted twisted Snakes begirt her Waste,
And from her Seat flew with malicious haste.
Grief, Fear, and Terror on her Journey wait,
And Madness with a frightful Air and Gate.
As they before the *Thebane* Palace light,
The Posts, they say, shook with the dreadful fright,

The Iv'ry Gates put on a paler Hue,
 And thence the Sun his lightfome Beams withdrew.
Ino and *Athamas* both terrifi'd
 To scape from the prodigious Monsters, tri'd,
 But stern *Tisiphone* oppos'd their way,
 And stretch'd at length before their passage lay.
 Then out she threw her meager Arms enchain'd
 With knotted Snakes, the Snakes disturb'd complain'd.

Some on her Shoulders fall, some crawling sweep
 Her Temples, and a constant hissing keep,
 From their black Jaws the foaming Poison springs,
 And oft they brandish out their threatening Stings;
 Then from her monstrous Head two hideous Snakes
 With her curst Hands the rabid Fury takes.
 And at the Royal Couple hurls the Pests,
 Which swiftly crawl around their panting Breasts,
 Their Limbs indeed ne'er feel the subtle Wounds,
 Their Minds, alas! the direful strokes confounds!
 The ugly Worms with their infectious Breath,
 Give all the Peace which fill'd their Bosoms, Death;

But

But lest the Fiends infernal Task should fail,
Or innate Virtue o'er her Snakes prevail,
She a huge Dose of liquid Poysons brought,
Black Foam from *Cerberus*, when raving, caught,
Green Venom near the Banks of *Lerna* found;
These first the Fiends malicious Arts compound;
With these sh' had in a brazen Caldron brew'd,
Exactly mixt and boil'd in Humane Blood,
Dark wild Mistakes, forgetful Blindness drein'd
From Minds distracted, and a Judgment ban'd,
And Villany, and Tears, and headstrong Rage,
And cruel Thoughts, which murd'rous Deeds pre-
sage.

These, that they might the stronger Dose afford,
She with a Root of fatal Hemlock stir'd.

While *Athamas* and *Ino* trembling stand,
She turns her Potion with too sure a hand
Into their Bosoms; streight quite through their
Souls,

With dire Effects, the working Poyson rouls.
Her Brand then whirling in a thousand Rings,
Blue Flames in a perpetual Circle flings.

Thus

Thus she at last her Hellish Conquest gain'd,
 And thus perform'd fierce *Juno's* stern Command.
 Then fast again her Snaky Girdle ties,
 And thence to Hell's waste Realms triumphant flies.

Streight *Athamas*, struck with a frantick Rage,
 Cries out, Holla my Mates, here, here engage!
 About these Woods fix all your strongest Toils!
 Hither the panting Lyoness recoils
 Two Whelps with her, just now I lodg'd 'em here,
 Such Savage Beasts, his Queen and Babes appear
 To his disorder'd Fancy; out he flies,
 And as *Learchus* met his bloodshot Eyes
 With out-stretch'd Arms, and at his Father smil'd,
 He from his Mothers Bosom snatch'd the Child,
 And sling-like whirling pass'd its Infant bones,
 With barbarous force against the senseless Stones.
 The Mother now grew furious too, by Woes
 Emrag'd, or by the working poysonous Dose;
 Away she hurries with dishevel'd Hair,
 And with distracted howlings fills the Air.
 With *Melicerta* in her Arms she flies,
 And Evoke, O *Bacchus*! wildly cries;

Revengeful

Revengeful *Juno* heard that hated Name,
And wretched *Ino* *Bacchus* still exclaim.
And with a scornful Smile, may he, said she,
As lucky still to all his Fosterers be!

High o'er the Seas there stands a mighty Rock,
Hollow'd beneath with the continual Shock
Of rolling Tides, the Summit rough and steep,
With threatening Brows far jutting o'er the Deep,
Ino streight climb'd the Rock, with Madness strong,
And off her Burden, with her self she flung:
The Waves beneath foam'd with the falling stroke;
When *Venus* wheedling to her Uncle spoke.

(For from her Daughter, wretched *Ino* came,
And now her pity *Ino's* Woes enflame)
O *Neptune*, God of all the watry Field,
Whose Power to that of Heav'n alone can yield.
A Boon, that's great indeed, I ask, but oh,
Some pity to my dear Relations show!
See how they float on the *Ionian* Main:
O make them Gods among thy watry Train!
I too some Interest in the Seas may claim,
If I from Foam originally came.

Foam

Foam snowy white, thrown up by Seas divine,
And still the *Grecian* Name be justly mine.
Neptune consents, their mortal Parts removes,
Their Looks with awful Majesty improves,
Their Features chang'd, and new their Titles fram'd,
And now *Leucothoe* and *Palamon* nam'd.

The *Theban* Ladies nicely trac'd the Ground,
And o' th' Rocks edge her latest footsteps found;
And thence her Death, and kind of Death conclude,
And streight with Hair and Garments torn, they
shew'd

How far those publick Woes had reach'd their
Hearts,

In *Cadmus* ruins how they bore their Parts.
At *Juno* then they all th'ir Passions vent;
Call her severe, too far on Vengeance bent,
Too far indulgent to her Rage, that she
So far should prosecute her Jealousy.
But *Juno* vext, And you your selves, said she,
Chief Monuments of my Revenge shall be.
So said, so done; for as her zealous Love
The first by drowning with her Queen would prove.
Off'ring

Off'ring to leap, all Motion left her Blood,
And there a Rock, fix'd on a Rock she stood.
One struck her Arms against her Breasts enrag'd,
And freight her Arms a stiffning Cold engag'd.
This, toward the Sea by chance had stretch'd her
Hands;

With Hands so stretch'd the figur'd Marble stands.
That, as with cruel Hands her Curles she tore,
Her Hands and Curles a Stoney stiffness wore.
Whate're their Postures were, when turn'd to Stone,
The Person still was by her Posture known;
Some turn'd to Fowls, that Promontory keep,
And with short dabbling Wings the rouling Ocean
sweep.

Cadmus, unknowing *Ino's* nobler Fate,
And his young Grandsons now exalted State,
Broke with successive Woes and Prodiges,
The daily Objects of his mournful Eyes,
straight quits the Town h'had built; as if the place,
Not his own Fate, had influenc'd his Case.
And with his Spouse, thro' various Wandrings pass'd,
They safe *Illyria's* Borders reach'd at last,

O

Where

Where now, with weighty Years and Grief grown
As they their Families fatal Story told; (old,
And, to divert their mournful Thoughts the more,
Talk'd all their past and present Labours o're.
If 'twas some God, said he, that Serpent own'd,
Which once beneath my pointed Javelin groan'd,
If so, and still that God incens'd pursue
The Fact, may I become a Serpent too!
He spoke, and streight became a Serpent too,
And on his Back the Scales obdurate grew.
On his dark Skin bright blewish Spots arise,
'And on his Breast he falls; his parted Thighs
Now run together in a folding Train,
Only his Arms awhile unchang'd remain.
Then out he throws his still-remaining Arms,
While a Salt Flood his yet unalter'd Visage warms
Come near, come near, Dear wretched Spouse, said He
Touch me, while something yet remains of Me!
Here take my Hand, while I a Hand can show,
Take it before I quite a Serpent grow!
More he'd have spoke, but Fates his Tongue divide
Which proper Sounds no more to Words suppli'd;

But Hiss aloud when he'd have fain complain'd,
 That Note he still by Natures leave retain'd.
 His Wife now beats her naked Breasts, and cries,
 Stay, *Cadmus*, stay! put off this strange Disguise!
 This monstrous Shape, my Dear unhappy, quit!
 But, ah, what's this? where shall I find thy Feet,
 Thy Hands, thy Arms, Complexion, Face, O
 where
 Art thou thy self, while I'm discoursing here!
 Ye Gods, why ma'n't I too a Serpent be!
 She spoke, when licking all her Vileage, He
 In her dear Bosom, long acquainted, kept,
 And round her Neck with gentle twinings crept;
 Their Servants standing by, amaz'dly view'd
 The frightful Change, when they as fondly shew'd
 Their parting Loves, and with embraces kind,
 About their Necks the harmless Serpents twin'd,
 Now Two; and off together rowling slide,
 And quickly in the neighbouring Forest hide.
 And still Mankind they neither hurt nor hate,
 Tho Serpents mindful of their ancient Humane
 State.

Tho both thus chang'd, their glorious Grandson
rais'd
Their honour'd Names, for brave Atchievements
prais'd,
To *Bacchus* now the Conquer'd *Indians* bow'd,
And *Greece* was of his lofty Temples proud;
Only *Acrisius*, of the same descent,
Old *Aba's* Son, his jealous Doubts to vent,
Resolv'd to stop the happy Conqu'rors course,
And from his *Argos* kept the God by force;
He'd neither own His high Descent from *Jove*,
Nor cou'd the Gallant *Perseus* e'er approve
His Birth to him; nor would that Prince believe
His Daughter cou'd by Golden show'rs conceive.
Yet, (such the force of truth) *Acrisius* straight
Renounce't his obstinately fond conceit,
Repenting that h' had e'er the God profan'd,
And not his Grandson as his own retain'd,
For *Bacchus* now above the Skies was plac'd,
And *Perseus* with the wondrous Trophies grac'd.
Of the prodigious *Gorgon* swiftly flew
Through yielding Air, when *Libia* just in view,

Fresh

Fresh bloody Drops *Medusa's* Head distill'd,
Which Earth receiving, all the Country fill'd
From her dark Womb with Serpents various kinds
Which still the Traveller in those vast Deserts finds.
Thence like some watry Cloud, which ruffling Gales
Toss here and there, the winged Warrior sails
Thro' immense Tracts of Air, and thence descends,
How like a Point the World beneath him lies.
Quite round the Globe he cut his wondrous way ;
Saw where the *Bears* and threatening *Cancer* lay ;
Oft he the *West*, the *East* as oft survey'd,
Till when he saw the Day declin'd, afraid.
With wear'd Wings to prosecute his flight
Thro' the damp Regions of the gloomy Night,
He near the *Mauritanian* Palace falls,
And begs a Lodging there, till Morning calls,
And till the Sun, by fiery Horses drawn,
Should make bright Day succeed the Purple dawn.
Here reign'd the Son of *Japhet*, *Atlas* nam'd,
For his unmatched Gigantick largeness fam'd.
Beyond the Borders of the utmost Land,
O'er spacious Seas he stretch'd his wide Command,

Where *Phæbus* nightly cools his scorching Wain
And fiery Horses in the foaming Main.
A thousand Flocks and Herds his Pastures graz'd,
And on his Fields no envious Neighbours gaz'd.
Trees leav'd with Gold around his Orchards sprung,
Where golden Fruit on golden Branches hung.
Dear Sir, said *Perseus*, if you'll please to grace
With Smiles the Off-spring of a glorious Race;
Great *Jove's* my Father: If your soaring mind
Is more to hear Heroick Acts inclin'd,
Tho young in years, we gallant Deeds can show,
If you'll but Lodging and Relief bestow.
But *Themis* had of old his Fate declar'd;
Which, with this Talk, the wary Prince compar'd,
'*Atlas* the time shall come when one of *Jove's* great
Race
' Shall seize thy golden Fruit, thy Royal Seat de-
face.
This to prevent, the Monarch fenc'd in all
His envy'd Orchard with a lofty Wall.
A sleepless Dragon was its constant Guard,
And Strangers he from all his Borders barr'd.

So now to *Perseus* ; hence! be gone! here needs
 No lying Stories of your mighty Deeds.
 Be gone! left, if our strength must cope with you,
 You lose your Honour, and your Father too.
 Then strives to thrust the lingering Hero out,
 Who with soft Language mingles Brave and Stout.
 But since too weak, (for who in strength could vy
 With *Atlas*?) Since you this small Grant deny,
 Yet take, said He, one little Gift from Me.
 Then, looking off himself, he makes him see
Medusa's horrid Head; huge *Atlas* so,
 Did with his mighty Bulk a mighty Mountain grow
 His Hair and Beard to leavy Weeds transform'd,
 His Hands and Arms an airy Level form'd;
 His Head, the Top like some vast *Pico* charg'd,
 His Bones grew Rocks, and all his Bulk enlarg'd.
 He (so the Gods decreed) immensely high,
 Since then supports the weight of all the Starry-sky.
 Now *Eolus* the Evening boistrous Wind,
 Had in eternal Caves with Bars confin'd,
 And *Lucifer*, bright Harbinger of day;
Perseus, and All to business call'd away;

When to his Feet again he lash'd his wings,
 Girt on his Faulchion sure, and boldly flings
 Through the wild airy Regions of the Skies,
 And o'er a thousand nameless Nations flies,
 And, with a slight survey, those Countries past,
 He made the *Ethiopian* Lands at last.
 There, for her Mothers Tongue, *Andromeda*
 By *Ammon's* Doom, a Pawn to Vengeance lay.
 Whom when the sharp-ey'd tow'ring Hero spy'd,
 With Arms to rugged Rocks severely ty'd,
 But that her flowing Tears her Life betray'd,
 And that her Locks with fanning Breezes play'd.
 H'had ta'n for some fine Marble piece; but now
 Soft Flames in his unknowing Bosom glow;
 Ravish'd, amaz'd, he views the lovely Maid,
 And half forgets his flying airy Trade.
 Then, near her, takes the Rock, and, O, said He,
 Bright charming Creature, fitter far to be
 In some kind Lover's softer Arms enchain'd,
 Than with this weight of barb'rous Fetters pain'd!
 Tell me, sweet Maid, thy Countries Name and thine,
 And why Thee thus to Rocks, these pond'rous
 Chains confine!

Silent

Silent a while the blushing Virgin stay'd ;
Of Manly Converse, rarely us'd, afraid ;
Only her Tears, which still She might command,
In her fair Eyes like Rising-fountains stand.
Her snowy Hands her modest Looks had hid,
But that rough Chains her snowy Hands forbid ;
Oft ask'd, (lest silence shou'd her Guilt accuse)
At last she both her Name and Country shews :
Scarce half her Tale was told, when sounding
Waves

Her Fate foreshow, the hideous Monster laves
His Sides with Seas which to his passage yield,
And whelms his Bulk o're half the watry Field.
The Maid shrieks out; her mournful Father's Cries,
And her distracted Mother's sympathize ;
Both wretched now ; but much more justly She,
Whose vainer Pride deserv'd her misery.
No help, alas ! but useless Tears they bring,
And crying, round their fetter'd Daughter cling ;
When *Perseus* thus : Weep thus no more in vain !
Few Minutes only now for help remain.

Should

Should I, fair *Danaë's* Son by thundring *Jove*,
Perseus the Offspring of his Golden Love;
Perseus Medusa's Conqueror; should I
Who through the Air with certain Pinions fly;
Should I your Daughter for a Wife demand,
I sure might in your choice the fairest stand.
But I to those will greater Merits join,
If Heav'n but second now my bold Design;
And beg her as my Love's victorious meed,
If now from Death by my assistance free'd.
His offer gladly both with Pray'rs embrace,
For who'd refuse it in that desperate Case?
And, for a Dowry too, that Crown engage,
Too weighty grown for their declining Age.
Now, as some Gally forc'd with Oars and Tides
Plows up the Ocean with its foaming sides,
So the prodigious Monsters horrid force
Breaks up the Waves with an impetuous course.
And now no farther off than one might fling
A Bullet with a *Balearian* Sling;
The gallant Youth with sudden motion springs
From Earth, and cuts the Air with active Wings;

And

And as the hov'ring Hero's Martial shade
With tremblings on the watry Surface play'd :
The Beast, enrag'd at the thin Phantom grew,
And at the shade with utmost fury flew.
But as *Jove's* Bird, when from a Cloud he spies
Where on some Plain a Dragon basking lies ;
Stoops at his Back, and to prevent his Jaws,
Thro's scaly Neck his crooked Pounces draws.
So He the Air with nimble Wings divides,
And plies the Monster's Back and rouling Sides ;
And with a lucky Thrust his Shoulder rives,
And up to th' Hilt his greedy Falchion drives.
Struck with so deep a Wound, the Monster raves,
And fiercely bounds above the frighted Waves ;
Then dives again, and with a dreadful sweep,
With thick black Goare distains the boiling deep.
And as a Boar, which eager Hounds engage,
So every way he vents his baffled Rage :
While from his Fangs the wary *Perseus* flies,
And every way the furious Monster plies :
Now on his Back and Ribs like Anvils beats,
Now on his Fish-like stern his strokes repeats.

The Beast then spouts such floods of watry Gore,
Perseus durst trust his dabled Wings no more.

But spies a Rock, which bare in Calms might lie,
But under water when the Seas went high:

There straight the fearless Hero takes his stand,
And grasps the Summit with his Swordless Hand;
And then, to crown his Conquest, strongly foins,
And thrusts his Sword oft through the dying Mon-
ster's Loins.

Now, for the Conquest, mighty Shouts and Cries
Ring round the Shores, and echo to the Skies.

With Joy *Cassiope* and *Cepheus* rais'd,

Him as their Son receiv'd, his Actions praised,

Call'd him their Family's Support and Stay,

On whose brave Arm their Hopes and Safety lay.

The Maid, the Motive, and the glorious Meed

Of all his Toils, now went unchain'd and free'd.

His Hands defil'd, the pious Hero laves

From Blood and Slaughter in the sacred Waves:

But lest the naked Sand should crush the Snakes

Which fill'd his dreadful Shield, green Leaves he

takes,

And

And Rods which deep beneath the Waters grew,
And on that Bed his Trophy softly threw;
The touch, the green and sappy Rods obdur'd,
And hardness to their Twigs and Leaves procur'd.
The Sea-Nymphs, with the strange Event surpriz'd,
More Rods, and with the same Success disguis'd.
For the dire Figure on the Neighb'ring ground
Diffus'd its Petrefactive Atoms round.
The Nymphs with care their alter'd Seeds remove,
And in the Seas prolifick Ooze improve;
Their Nature's so, the Corals still declare,
Which gather hardness in the open Air;
And what were pliant supple Twigs below,
Above inflexibly obdurate grow.

Three Altars now of Turf in order rise
To Three Supream Protecting Deities;
The Right to *Mercury* devoted stands,
Pallas the Left, the Midmost *Jove* commands.
An untam'd Heifer to *Minerva* bleeds,
To *Mercury* an yearling Calf succeeds;
But to his mighty Father thundring *Jove*,
A rough-neck'd Leader of the bellowing Drove.

Then

Then, unendow'd, he weds *Andromeda*,
The noblest Prize of that Triumphant Day:
Hymen and *Love* their Nuptial Torches bore,
And every Roof its flowry Garlands wore;
Rich Odours on their blazing Altars rise,
And many a Vow, and many a Sacrifice;
Sweet Flutes with Harps, and Pipes, and Voices try
To vent their Mirth in Heav'nly Harmony.
Straight wide the Palace Gates, commanded, flew,
And all the rooms of State expos'd to view;
Where Royal Furniture, and Royal Cheer,
And all the *Cephene* Lords in pomp appear.
The Banquet done, the quick capacious Bowls
With generous Wines enlarge their cheerful Souls
Then to instruct him *Perseus* all invites
In all their Country Laws, and sacred Rites;
To whom One, with a kind obliging Air,
Does all their Customs and their Rites declare.
His Story finish'd; Now, Great Sir, of You,
Said he, we for a greater Favour sue:
Your Godlike Story, and what wondrous way
You safely gain'd the *Gorgon's* dreadful prey?

To whom the Courteous Hero straight replies,
A Plain beneath the frozen Axis lies,
With Walls, of native rugged Mountains, barr'd,
Whose only Pass two monstrous Sisters guard,
Nature on them one single Eye bestow'd,
With which the Sisters strow'd by turns abroad.
This, as it was from hand to hand convey'd,
I seiz'd, obscur'd by an impervious Shade. (down
Then through dark ways, and winding Paths, and
Steep horrid Rocks, with founding Woods o're-
grown,

I reach'd the *Gorgon's* Seat, where all around
Thro' Fields and Roads I wondrous Figures found
Of Men and Beasts transform'd to perfect Stone,
Such by *Medusa's* frightful Aspect grown.
I safely view'd her in my glittering Shield,
Whose Orb her dire reflected Image fill'd.
And, while she lay in heavy slumbers dead,
Her Snakes all hush'd, I lop't her dreadful Head.
The gloomy Streams of whose prolific Gore
Wing'd *Pegasus* and young *Chrysaor* bore.

To

To these, he added all those Dangers vast;
Those Seas and Lands he in his Course had past;
How high, how low he wing'd his tedious way,
And all the Starry Signs which in his passage lay.
Yet so he clos'd his Tale too soon: When One
Of the Nobles demands, Why she alone
Medusa, Eldest of 'em, all shou'd be
Snake-Hair'd, and both her Younger Sisters free?
To whom thus *Persæus*, Since you, Sir, enquire
Of weighry things, I'll grant your just Desire.
Medusa once was for her Beauty fam'd,
At whom a thousand Jealous Suitors aim'd;
But more than all, her lovely Tresses charm'd,
Whose golden Beams her coldest Lover's warm'd.
(I've met with some who waited at her Court,
And only Wonders of her Locks report).
Her *Neptune* seiz'd with lustful Passions wild,
And in the chaste *Minerva's* Fane defil'd:
The Virgin Goddess turn'd aside, and held
Before her modest Eyes her sacred Shield:
But that the Crime might be in One reveng'd,
To horrid Snakes *Medusa's* Curls she chang'd.

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And that she might in future rolling years
O'reawe the Vicious World with pow'rful Fears,
The Snakes she made still in her Shield she bears.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

The Argument of the Fifth Book.

While Perseus tells his Story, Phineus the Brother of Cepheus (who had formerly pretended to Andromeda) with his Companions makes an attempt to recover her. But Pallas assists Perseus, till partly by fighting, and partly by the sight of Medusa's Head, the Ravishers were kill'd, or turn'd into Stones. Palas then leaves her Brother, and visits Mount Helicon, where the Muses acquaint her with what had happen'd to Pyreneus, and the Pierides chang'd into Mag-Pies after a set Contest with them in singing of divers Transformations.

WHile thus his Tale th' obliging Hero told,
And did the Court in deep attention hold,
The Palace eccho'd with a Warlike sound,
Whose dismal Notes their Nuptial Musick drown'd;
So roars the Sea, when with impetuous storms
The strugling Winds her flatt'ring Smooth deforms.

Phineus the first of all the noisy Crowd,
Forward in quarrels, and of Tumults proud;
Advanc'd his pond'rous Launce, Lo, I appear,
Says he, the mighty Rape-Revenger here.

P

Nor

Nor by thy Wings, nor *Jove*, tho' turn'd to gold,
Shalt thou scape hence, or my dear Joys be sold;
E're with his Threats his Arm compli'd, the King
Cries out, Whence, Brother, can this madness
To do vast Merits Right, is this the way? (Spring?
Would you such Thanks for Her dear safety pay?
No Rape, you know, this gallant Youth design'd,
You heard Oraculous *Amnon*'s sacred Mind; (you,
The angry Sea-Nymphs claim'd your Spouse from
My Bowels were the dreadful Monster's due:
You lost her then when she was doom'd to dye;
That, and our Loss, it seems, would raise your Joy.
Was't not enough to see her bound, while you
Her Spouse and Uncle no relief could shew?
But now y'are mad another sav'd her Life;
And you, forsooth, must claim your rightful Wife;
But if your Wife, so dear, so priz'd, had been,
Those mournful Rocks your valiant Loves had seen
Perseus now claims her by his conquering Sword,
His own vast Merit, and our sacred Word:
Not that we think you were unfit for Her,
But Him we justly to Her Death prefer.

He ne're repli'd, but with a scouling Brow
 Now on his Brother looks, on *Perseus* now.
 Uncertain where his first Revenge was due;
 At last, with Fury's utmost strength, he threw
 His Lance at *Perseus*, but he lost his aim,
 And struck it in the Couches trembling Frame;
 Then from the Couch brave *Perseus* fiercely springs,
 And back the Launce with stronger fury flings;
 An Altar screen'd the Dastard from the Blow,
 (An Altar oft protects a Villain so)
 Yet *Rhætus* in its fatal pass it took,
 And in his Brain the deadly Javelin stuck:
 He fell, with dying Heels he spurn'd the Floor,
 And dash'd the Tables with his Crimson Gore.

But now the Rabble all with rage inflam'd,
 Discharg'd their Spears, and boldly some proclaim'd
 Death as their King's, and Death as *Perseus's* doom,
 But *Cepheus* now had wisely left the Room;
 And to the Gods of Hospitality,
 To Faith and Honour too appeal'd, that He
 No Partizan in those unhappy Broils would be.

Then *Pallas* in his Breast new strength instill'd,
And fenc'd her Brother with her dreadful Shield.

Athis, a lovely *Indian* Youth, was there,
Whom fair *Limnate* did to *Ganges* bear ;
Blooming at just Sixteen, and gaily drest
In his embroyder'd *Tyrian*-purple Vest :
Rich Chains of Gold his snowy Neck went round,
His Locks perfum'd, with crimson Fillets bound ;
A Launce the Youth with dextrous grace could
And finely draw his rarely-failing Bow. (throw,
While bending now, an Altar's flaming Brand
Dash'd out his Brains from *Perseus's* dreadful Hand.

Affyrian Lycabas observ'd the Boy,
His dear Companion once, his only Joy ,
With his own Blood deform'd, resign his breath
To th' rude Embraces of untimely Death ;
Then wept, and snatch'd his Bow, and loudly cri'd,
Not Boys, but Men, shou'd by your Arms have
dy'd.

Revenge waits on your short-liv'd Joys ; no praise
But Envy, such unmanly Deeds can raise.

He spoke, and shot, the weak-drawn Arrow sung,
And loosely on the Hero's Vestment hung.

His Faulchion stain'd with dire *Medusa's* Blood,
Great *Perseus* drew ; the home-thrust Faulchion
stood

Deep in his gaping Breast ; his swimming Eyes
Only look'd out for *Athis* ; soon he spies
His breathless Friend, and o're him gently falls,
Happy at least in their united Funerals.

Then eager *Phorbas*, and *Amphimedon*,
A *Lybian* this, that a *Syenian's* Son,
Slipp'd on the bloody Floor ; the dreadful Sword
No time for their recov'ry could afford.

But thro' the *Lybian's* side with violent haft, (past.
And the *Syenian's* Throat, the dreadful Faulchion

But *Astor's* Son, whose Hands a Poll-ax wield,
Without a Sword the Gallant *Perseus* kill'd ;
For in both hands a weighty Bowl he took,
And o're the face the threatening Warrior strook :
Down fell the Warrior straight, and spurn'd the
ground,

And Blood and Wine rush'd from his dubious
Wound.

Next *Abaris* and *Polydemon* dy'd,
The first to Great *Semiramis* ally'd.
The last a *Scythian*; bold *Lycetus* fell,
And *Elice* and *Clitus* sunk to Hell.
While *Perseus* stood like some revenging God,
And o're the Breasts of slaughter'd Champions trod.

Phineus aloof a trembling Javelin threw,
Which, by mistake, at peaceful *Ida* flew.
In vain a Neuter in those Broils he stood;
Now with fierce Eyes the faithless Prince he view'd:
Since me, said He, you'll needs a Party make,
This Launce, base *Phineus*, for your kindness take.
Then tore the Launce from his own wounded Side,
But bled too fast, and quickly fainting di'd.

Next *Clymenus* the fam'd *Odites* kill'd,
Who the next place to Royal *Cepheus* fill'd;
Hypsus Prothenor kill'd, himself oppress'd,
Straight by a stronger Arm. Among the rest
Emathion, reverenc'd for his virtuous Age,
Whose strength cou'd in no ruffling Broils engage;
Yet with his Tongue against these Broils inveigh'd,
Till *Chromis* with his sacrilegious Blade,

While

While he embrace'd an Altar, lopt his Head,
Which falling on that friendly Altar, bled :
Yet peace to th' last his dying Tongue desir'd,
And his fair Soul in sacred flames expir'd.

Broteas and *Ammon* Twins, for Whorle bats fam'd,
(If Swords could be by weighty Whorle bats tam'd)
Fell both by *Phineus*'s hand ; and *Ceres* Priest
From his white Wreaths his impious Hand dismiss'd.

And thou sweet Bard, unus'd to Wars Alarms,
Born all for Love and Muses peaceful Charms,
Summon'd their Feast with thy sweet Voice to
While now unarm'd, and in a distant place (grace,
Thou stoodst, rough *Petalus* with a barbarous Jest,
Cri'd, Hence dull Fool, go sing in Hell the rest ;
A strong Back-blow follow'd his words ; but he
Whose Soul was all wrapt up in Harmony,
With dying Fingers touch'd his trembling Lyre,
Whose last soft Sighs in mournful Notes expire.

The fierce *Lycormas* soon reveng'd his Fall,
Snatching a Leaver from the neighb'ring Wall,
He dash'd his Brains about his batter'd Crown ;
So *Petalus*, so Bullocks maul'd, sink down.

Cinyphian Pelates the next Leaver seiz'd ;
But *Corythus* with his sharp Javelin eas'd
His hand, and to the Wall he pinn'd it fast,
While thro' his Guts the next man's Faulchion past :
Nor could he fall, but by the Wall he stood,
And wash'd the Marble with a crimson flood.

Next *Melanus*, a Friend of *Perseus* dy'd ;
And *Dorylas* more rich than all beside ;
The wealthy *Dorylas*, whose spacious Field
Alike could heaps of Corn and Treasures yield ;
Deep in his Groin he now receiv'd a Wound,
Which when the flouting Giver mortal found,
And saw his heaving Breasts, and rolling Eyes,
Lo, here, says he, the mighty Farmer lies,
For all his Lands of this small spot possess ;
And left his Carcass with that biting Jest.
Perseus, a Spear from one expiring snatch'd,
And *Halcyonius* for his Wit dispatch'd,
Through Nose, and Jaws, and Neck, at once he
And out behind the pointed Javelin stuck. (struck.
While Fortune smil'd, he sent a different Doom
To two Descendants from one fruitful Womb ;

A Spear thro' both his Thighs the Elder bore,
The Younger's Mouth the Launce as rudely tore.
Egyptian Celadon, and *Astrens* dy'd;
Astrens, a Syrian, by his Mothers side,
An unknown Father's Son; *Ethion* too,
Who, all in vain, Fates future Secrets knew;
Then a Page-Royal, young *Thoactes* fell,
And Parricide *Agyrtes* sunk to Hell.
On wearid *Perseus* still his Work increast,
By huge Confederate Multitudes oppress'd;
The senseless Croud advanc'd a shameful Cause,
To sink true Worth, and hospitable Laws:
Cepheus with Prayers, *Cassiope* with cries,
Andromeda with Tears her Lord supplies;
But all that little helpless Noise was drown'd,
With dying Groans, and Arms repeated sound:
Bellona dash'd the Palace-walls with Blood,
And cruel Broils with growing Rage renew'd.
Phineus, and thousand more, our Hero close,
And each rude Hand his violent Weapon throws;
One single Life the Rabble wou'd assail,
Thick as the roughest Storms of Winters Hail;

A friendly Pillar now his Back secur'd,
While, fearless, he their rude Assaults endur'd;
They urg'd the Hero home on either side;
Molpeus on his left, his right *Ethemon* ply'd.

As when some *Tyger* pinch'd with Hunger, scales
Some lofty Hill, and thence o'erlooks the Vales,
The several Herds distract his hungry Rage,
And all he gladly wou'd at once engage.

So *Persesus* thoughts a while suspended lay,
Till wounded *Molpeus*, timely, left the fray.
For still *Ethemon* prest him fore; but whiles
His heedless Fury but it self beguiles,
His Sword he on the unseen Marble broke,
The Point reversing, with the furious stroke,
Stuck in its Master's Throat; but since it fail'd
In his dispatch, the Hero's Sword prevail'd.
Nor could his Tears, nor Arms, defenceless now,
Tho humbly rais'd, divert the mortal Blow.

When *Persesus* saw he still must lose the Field,
And Virtue's Force to endless Numbers yield:
For once, said he, an Enemy's help I'll use,
Look off my Friends! and straight to all he shews

The

The *Gorgon's* horrid Face ; when *Theſcelus*,
Think not with Monster, Fool, to conquer us,
He ſaid, and then his Launce almoſt He threw ;
But ſtraight a Statue in that Poſture grew.
Ampyx the next ſtruck at his valiant Breſt,
But ſtood by pretrefactive Steams oppreſt.
Then *Nileus*, who from *Nile* had feign'd his Race,
And noble Sheild ſeven parting Rivers grace ;
Glittering with Silver part, and part with Gold ;
See here, ſaid he, our ſacred Stem behold,
Thy Death grows noble by our glorious hand !
But his laſt Breath without its ſound remain'd ;
And tho no ſound cou'd from the Marble break,
The gaping Statue almoſt ſeem'd to ſpeak.
But *Eryx* at the daſtard Rabble ſtorm'd ;
Baſe Brutes, ſaid He, by your own Fears transform'd,
Not by that *Gorgon's* looks ; come on ! our Arms
Shall baffle ſoon that Magick Youngſter's charms !
And on h'had ruſh'd indeed ; but now was grown
An armed Image, and a lifeleſs Stone.

Theſe juſtly ſuffer'd, only one who fought
On *Percus* ſide, while on his Sword he thought ;

His

His Eyes, regardless, on the *Gorgon* cast,
And an eternal Statue there stood fast.
One thought him still alive, and on him try'd
His Sword, the Sword rung on his Marble-side;
He stood amaz'd a while, then turn'd to Stone,
And still amazement in his looks was shown.
But Names were endless, several hundreds more
With threatening Arms their lifted Launces bore;
As many hundreds, by the *Gorgon* chang'd,
Fine Statues stood in careless Order rang'd.

Phineus repents his groundless Broil, but how
To act can't tell; he sees his Comrades now
Meer Marbles all; he oft their Names repeats,
And calls, and oft their usual helps intreats;
Scarce could he think the change was true; then tri'd,
But his Spears point the Marble-shapes defi'd;
Then looking off, his Arms he side-long rear'd,
And a poor aukward Penitent appear'd.

Perseus, said he, these Stones your Conquests
O now those petrifying Looks remove! (prove;
Remove that horrid Head! this Quarrel first
No Malice rais'd, no fond Ambition nurs'd;

Not

Not for a Crown, but Wife, these Arms we bore;
I lov'd her first, but you deserv'd her more;
I yield, brave Sir, I yield, be yours the Prize,
Your Suppliant but for One poor Life applies!

He begg'd, but towards him durst not turn his
Face;

We'll grant, said *Perseus*, Sir, our utmost grace,
A grateful Boon to such a Dastard sure,
Stand ever here from bloody Swords secure!

I to your Name a Monument will raise
Shall last till this wide Universe decays;
Possess here still our Royal Father's House,
The daily comfort of your longing Spouse!

He spoke, and straight *Medusa's* Head applies
Where the poor trembling Wretch had turn'd his
Eyes.

Nor could he now turn back his lifeless look,
But Neck and Eyes a Rocky hardness took;
Yet fear predominant in his Visage sat,
His Looks dejected, and his suppliant State, (Fate.
And Arms submissively rais'd, betray'd his guilty

Now *Perseus* with his Bride, fair *Argos* gain'd,
Where *Prætus Danaës's* Adversary reign'd ;
Acrisius to his Arms was forc'd to yield,
And now the Throne Usurping *Prætus* fill'd.
But neither Arms nor Forts that barb'rous Slave
From the grim *Gorgon's* dreadful Snakes could save.
So *Polydect*, who small *Seriphus* sway'd,
No Homage to the Conqu'ring Hero paid.
He no respect to suffering Virtue shew'd,
But with base Spleen his gallant Acts pursu'd :
Medusa's Death he but a Sham declar'd,
And with detracting slights his Praise impair'd.
To whom the Youth, against your Scandal, Sir,
We'll but one little Evidence prefer ; (shew'd,
The rest ! Look off ! then straight the Snakes he
A bloodless Stone the surly Tyrant flood.

Thus far did *Pallas* on her Brother wait,
And with wise care secur'd his dubious state ;
Now from *Seriphus*, wrapt in Cloudy Skies,
Straight by the nearest Course to *Thebes* She flies.
Till, spacious Seas and various Islands past,
She reach'd the Muses sacred Hills at last.

There

There down she fate, and with an Air divine,
She thus discours'd among the Learned Nine;
Me to this place the strange Relations bring
Of your prodigious *Pegasean* Spring;
I saw that Horse rise from *Medusa's* gore,
But have not seen that Hoof-rais'd Stream before.
To whom *Urania*, for the Rest repli'd,
Happy that welcome Cause, what e're cou'd guide
Your sacred footsteps hither! happier we,
Blest with the smiles of Wisdom's Deity!
Fame told you truth, his Hoof first rais'd the Spring;
They then the Goddess to their Fountain bring;
That a Horse-hoof should give that Fountain birth,
And burst the Fetters of tenacious Earth, (round,
She wonder'd long; then view'd the Land-scape
Where shady Groves the lofty Mountains crown'd:
She sees cool Grotts, and useful mingling Sweets,
And ev'ry where delightful Objects meets.
And calls the Muses, and their Studies blest
Of solitary peaceful Shades possess.

When fair *Urania* thus her Speech resum'd,
Goddess Divine, whose Wisdom it's presum'd,

Did

Did not superior Cares your thoughts employ,
Our blest Society might long enjoy,
Our Arts, our Seats you justly praise, and we
Were blest enough, if but from Dangers free:
But what wont Villains dare? Our Virgin Souls,
Harmless and weak, each little Fright controuls.
Before our Eyes, still fierce *Pireneus* stands,
I scarce, methinks, have yet well scap'd his hands.
He with his *Thracian* Troops had *Daulis* gain'd,
And now in his injurious Conquests reign'd;
Us, travelling by to great *Apollo's* Dome,
He sees, adores, and then invites us home;
Not for Devotion, but his impious Mind
Was all to Rapes and Barb'rous Lusts inclin'd.
Fair Muses rest a while, said he; nor fear
In such a Storm t' accept a shelter here;
(Twas then a Storm indeed) blest Deities
Have often stoop'd to meaner Sheds than these.
Mov'd by kind Words, and the Tempestuous Air,
We grant his Wish, and to his Porch repair; (o're,
The Rain once past, and Southern Clouds blown
As when the Northern lightsome Day restore,

We

We move, the Tyrant stops the way; a Rape Attempts, which we on Aiery Wings escape; Up to a Tower he runs; And sure, said he, That Course you take may serve as well for me. Then off he springs, but falls; his batter'd Face, And flying Brains, and impious Blood defil'd the Place.

Thus talk'd the Muse, when loud Salutes around, And fluttering Wings from lofty Trees resound; *Pallas* looks up, Whose Tongues were those, enquires, And Notes, so near resembling Ours, admires; Nine *Pyes* they were, who there bewail'd their Fate,

And nimbly still in Humane Tones wou'd prate. Then to the Goddess thus the Muse address; These too, of late, the Feather'd Quire encreast; To *Pieros* these one fruitful Mother bore; A fair addition to his wealthy Store: Nine times *Enippe* begg'd *Lucina's* Aid, A Mother so of nine fair Daughter made; Who, when grown up, of their own Numbers proud, Thro' *Greece* and *Macedon* proclaim'd aloud

Their wondrous Gifts, at length came here, and
With words absurd and sawcy challenge us: (thus
Muses forbear to cheat the thoughtless Throng
With ill-set Tunes, and inharmonious Song:
If you to Voice or Skill pretend, we dare
With you for Number, Voice, and Skill compare:
We own you flutter on the Wings of Fame,
But We a nobler Share in Glory claim;
Your *Hippocrene* and *Aganippe* Stake,
And for our Pledge delightful *Tempe* take:
We'll to the Sentence of the Nymphs submit,
The fairest Arbiters of Art and Wit.
Too mean to us the daring Challenge seem'd,
But to have yielded had been worse esteem'd;
The Nymphs Elect, by their own Waters swear,
And round on Rocky Seats the Contest hear;
When one, before her Turn, uncall'd, begins,
And leudly of Cœlestial Battels sings.
The Gyant-Race in swelling strains applauds,
And Burlesques all the Actions of the Gods.
She sings, how huge Earth-born *Typhaus* rag'd,
And all the Gods in Fears and Flights engag'd;

Till Nile's fair Land the Fugitives suppli'd
With lurking Holes, the trembling Croud to hide;
Thither the Monster stalk'd, but then, for fear,
The frighted Gods in various Shapes appear.
Jove was a Ram, large Horns from thence we find
To Ammon's Image ancient Moors assign'd;
Bacchus a Goat; Apollo seem'd a Crow;
Phæbe a Cat, Juno a Milk-white Cow;
Venus a Fish possess, and Mercury
Did close within the poy's'nous *Ibis* lie.
Thus to her Harp she wildly sung; When we
Were call'd on for our Part; but that must be
Too mean for your blest Ears, whose nicer Taste
No Minutes can on our dull triflings waste.
In your sweet Airs, the Goddess straight repli'd,
Soft and insensibly the Minutes slide;
She said, and on a shady Bank reclin'd;
The Muse proceeds; We all our Task assign'd
To our *Calliope*; she rose, and round
Her careless Curls with Ivy Garlands bound;
Then with a prelude tastes the chiding Strings;
And to her Lyre at last thus sweetly sings:

I sing the Queen who first our Furrows plough'd,
 Who first sweet Fruits and easy Food allow'd.
Ceres first tam'd us with her gentler Laws,
 From her kind Hand the World subsistence draws;
 Her Name I sing, O could my Fancy raise
 What she deserves! and she deserves our praise!
 That huge-limb'd Monster, whose Gigantick Pride
 Attacqu'd the Skies, and ev'ry God def'd,
 Now, with *Sicilia's* dreadful weight oppress'd,
 Moves, but with mighty pains, his heaving Breast;
 He struggles oft, and oft attempts to rise,
 But on his Right-hand vast *Pelorus* lies;
 On's Left *Pachynus*, *Lilibaum's* spread
 O're his huge Thighs, and *Aetna* keeps his Head;
 There fierce *Typhæus* lies at large supine,
 And from his Throat Sulphureous Vapours shine:
 Oft with strong throws the Monster strives t' abate
 His load of Towns, and the rough Mountain's
 weight, (quakes,
 Whence Earthquakes rise; Hell's gloomy Monarch
 Now his dark Empire's strong Foundation shakes,

Left sudden day thro' rending Earth should flow,
And terrify the trembling Shades below. (Throne,
Rous'd with such Fears, the Tyrant leaves his
And at his Lash his Cole-black Coursers groan;
While through the Isle he makes his Cavalcade,
But finds no Ruins there, nor ancient strengths
decay'd.

Those Fears all past, now with a sauntering pace
His careless Steeds the flow'ry Meadows trace;
Venus there spy'd him from Heav'n's lofty Seats,
And thus her winged Son with smiles intreat;
My Arts, my Arms, my Strength, my Love, said
Thy Suppliant once, my little Life, I'll be, (she,
Observe yon loytering God, go send a Dart
At once quite through the gloomy Tyrant's Heart.
Great *Jove* himself, and all the Gods above,
Neptune, and all his Court, submit to Love:
Shall Hell be free? enlarge our Empire, Boy,
Let's now, at length, the World's third part enjoy
Still some Above our utmost strength despise,
Among our Selves our Empire slighted lies:

Thou see'st how *Pallas* and *Diana* scorn
Our Shafts, and *Proserpine*, if long forborn,
Affects the Glories of a Virgin State,
And Love's soft Vows pursues with Childish Hate,
Go then! fair Love, and Beauties Price enhance,
And the Coy Girl to *Pluto's* Throne advance.
She spoke, the Winged Boy with eager cares
One, and the surest, swiftest Shaft prepares;
Then bends, and nocks, and shoots; the Shaft soon
And on his Heart impress a fatal Wound. (found,

Near *Henna's* well-built Walls a spacious Lake,
Now *Pergus* nam'd, collected Waters make;
Swans sing not more on sweet *Caister's* Streams;
The Sun scarce finds it with his searching Beams,
Checkt by aspiring Groves; and all around
The flow'ry Banks with lory Woods are crown'd;
The waving Boughs a grateful coolness bring,
And budding Flow'rs make a perpetual Spring.
While *Proserpine* there in her walk had stopt,
And Violets sweet and pretty Snow-drops cropt:
While with her Mates, the playful Virgin vies,
And her large Skirt, and Snowy Bosome plies

With

With smiling Sweets. The wounded *Pluto* came,
 And saw, and lov'd with that impetuous Flame,
 At once he carry'd off the charming Prize,
 The frighted Goddess, with her loudest Cries
 Oft on her Mates, oft on her Mother calls,
 And from her Lap her fragrant Treasure falls;
 And She (such Innocence in Youth remains)
 Of that small Loss among the rest complains.

The Thief drives on, and by their several Names
 His Hot-mouth'd Steeds with vig'rous heat en-
 flames,

And o're their brawny Necks and flowing Mains
 With eager out-cries shakes the sooty Reins; (flies'
 Then through deep Pools and sulphurous Stench he
 And thro' Twin Lakes, which from hot Ruptures
 rise;

(Where two fair Ports a Demi-Island made,
 And in times past poor banish'd Heroes stay'd
 And first a City's large Foundations laid.

And *Arethusa* at a distance flows
 From *Cyane*) two little Points enclose

A Lake, and *Cyane* the Lake was nam'd,
A Nymph among the fair *Sicilians* fam'd ;
Who, while on her own humble Waves she trod,
She in his haste observ'd the flying God :
Stop here, said she, no farther here you go,
You shan't be Son-in-law to *Ceres* so ;
Not by such Violence, but soft Amours
And tender Sighs, you shou'd have made her Yours :
If small Affairs we may with greater weigh,
My dear *Anapis* woo'd a gentler way :
My Virgin-breast with softer flames he warm'd,
And did not fright me to his Bed, but charm'd.
She said, and with her Arms *His* Course oppos'd,
When the grim Prince with opposition rous'd,
Cheer'd up his dreadful Steeds, and at one stroke
His pond'rous Mace thro' Earth's firm surface broke ;
The frighted Earth to its dark Center rends,
And down at once the furious God descends.
But *Cyane*, for her lost Goddess griev'd,
And that Affront her sacred Streams receiv'd ;
In her sad mind the cureless Wound she bears,
And softly waits with never-ceasing Tears.

She,

She, who a Goddess o're the Waters reign'd,
Now, of her self, but one small Rill remain'd;
Her Limbs by slow degrees were softer made,
Her pliant Bones the gentlest Hand obey'd;
Her Nails grew soft, her smaller Members all
Before the rest in Liquid Humours fall,
Her Hair, Hands, Legs, and Feet, nor was it
strange

For the small Parts to Waters soonest change.
Then her firm Back, her Shoulders, and her Side,
And yielding Breasts all off in Rivolets slide;
Her Veins no more with Blood, but Waters fill'd,
The whole no solid now, but fleeting Streams cou'd
yield.

The Mother still her Daughter seeks in vain
On every Coast, and o'er the spacious Main.
Her in her search the dawning Morning found,
The Evening-star too met her in his round;
Two Pines she lights at *Aetna's* Flames, with those
Thro' wet dark Nights the restless Wanderer goes;
The same walks still she with the Day begun,
And never ended with the falling Sun;

Quite

Quite faint with thirst, and far from cooling Springs,
Her to a small thatch'd Cell her Journey brings;
She knocks; an aged Dame looks out, and sees
The Goddess, and when ask'd with bending Knees,
A Bowl the charitable Beldam brought
Homely, but fill'd with a sweet wholesom Draught,
While with a hearty Soop she quench'd her Thirst,
Out in loud Grins, a saucy Varlet burst,
And Toss-pot cri'd; the Goddess angry grew,
And in his Face the small remainders threw.
His Face grew freckled, Legs his Arms displac'd,
And a small Tail his changing Members grac'd.
Small was his Shape, the less mischievous he,
Of Lizzards such the smaller Species be.
Th' old Dame amaz'd, with Tears, to catch him
But he runs to a little Hole to hide. (try'd,
A Name too, proper to his Hieu, he bore,
And these small Spots which on his sides he wore.
'Twere long to tell how much by Sea, by Land,
The Goddess search'd, when none to search re-
She to *Sicilia* last return'd, and while (main'd.
With curious Looks she search'd the spacious Isle,
To

To *Cyane* she came, who all had told,
But her new change her forward Speech control'd ;
Yet, what she cou'd, the Spring her Girdle show'd,
Which where she sunk, still on her Waters flow'd.

The Goddess then, as if her loss before
Had been unknown, her flowing Tresses tore.
Dash'd her own Breast with unrelenting Blows,
Yet ne're the more her Daughters Refuge knows ;
But curst the ungrateful Countries all around,
Unworthily with her rich Blessings crown'd.
Above the rest she damn'd *Sicilia*, where
The last remains of her lost Child appear ;
With furious Hands she breaks the toiling Ploughs,
And round about her Plagues at random throws.
Ploughmen and Oxen, heaps on heaps she lays,
Their Fields all ruins, and their Seeds decays.
O're that rich Glebe, fam'd thro' the hungry World,
She nipping Frosts, and blasting Mildews hurld ;
Now Rains, now Drowth, now Stars or Winds
destroy,
And greedy Fowls, and Thorns, and Tares alloy }

Their

Their purer Wheat; and careless Knot-grass round,
And Weeds their Fields, and all their Crops confound.
While the sad Goddess thus her Woes express,
Her Sorrows touch'd fair *Arethusa's* Breast,
Who from her Spring, her Locks all dropping, rose,
Which backwards from her lovely Face she throws.
Then speaks, O Mother, whose unweari'd Toils
Has for a Daughter search'd remotest Soils!
Mother of Blessings! now your Quest give o're,
Be angry with your faithful Earth no more.
Unwilling Earth with *Pluto's* force compli'd;
I plead not on my Native Countries side.
In *Sicily* a Stranger I was bred
Near *Pisa*, *Elis* still preserves my Head.
Yet, here at rest, *these* happy Fields I love,
And wou'd for them your gentler Passion move!
How to *Sicilia* I from *Elis* flow'd,
And found beneath eternal Deeps a Road.
When you're more pleas'd, and less perplex'd with
I'll at a better time at large declare: (care,
A pass to me the pervious Earth allows,
From hollow Deeps I here exalt my Brows.

Here

Here I, reviv'd again, have Heaven in view,
But while thro' *Stygian* Deeps my Streams I drew
I saw *Proserpina*, your Daughter, there;
Her Looks indeed not wholly free from fear.
Yet her Grandeur in those dark Realms is seen,
She's *Pluto's* Spouse, and Hell's Triumphant Queen.
Senseless as Rocks, the doleful Mother stood,
Struck with the fatal news; but (as a Flood
Of thoughtless Rage, follows a storm of Woes)
Away thro' yielding Air toward Heaven she goes,
With clouded Brows, and loose dishevell'd Hairs,
She there before *Jove's* sacred Throne appears.
Lo, I great *Jove*, said she, A suppliant grown,
Beg pity for my Daughter, and thy own;
If the poor Mother can no favour find,
Thy own dear Child must sure affect thy mind:
Let not thy Daughter's fortunes harsher be,
Meerly because she once was born of me!
Look'd for so long in vain, at last she's found,
But so to find her, rakes the bleeding Wound;
Where now she is, I may for certain know,
Ah, sad discovery of a certain Woe!

But

But we'll forgive the Rape, if he'll restore
The Virgin-treasure, and pretend no more.
What e're *my* Daughter gets, *yours* sure might claim
Above a Ravisher's ignoble Name.
Then *Jove* replies, In our dear Daughters care
And love, with you We bear an equal share.
But if things by their proper Names we call,
This was but Love, no Injury at all.
So great a Son-in law can bring no shame,
If you consent, and but reverse his Name ;
Jove's Brother needs must of himself be great,
Much more possess'd of an Imperial Seat,
Nay, our Superior, had the Lots been kind ;
But, if they needs must part to ease your mind,
Back *Proserpine*, if fasting still, may go,
Else must stay there, the Fates command it so.

He spoke, pleas'd *Ceres* doubts not now to bring
Her Daughter back, but Fates forbid the thing.
Th' unhappy Maid, alas ! had broke her fast,
While careless she through noble Gardens pass'd,
A Citron from th' Inviting-Bough she pull'd,
And seven fair Grains thence for her Breakfast
cull'd ;

Ascalaphus

Ascalaphus alone, black *Orphne's* Son,
Born in those gloomy Shades to *Acheron*.

Orphne, among the Nymphs of Hell renown'd,
With dusky *Acheron's* hot Passions crown'd;

Ascalaphus observ'd the tasting Maid,
And his black Tongue her hop'd return betray'd.

Hells Queen sighs deep, and with sulphureous
Waves,

Fierce and enrag'd, the Traytors head she laves:

It runs to Beak, and Plumes, and glaring Eyes,

And spreading Wings from his lank Body rise;

He seems all Face with crooked Pounces arm'd,

But lazy Sloth his spreading Pinions charm'd:

A Schriech Owl now obscene to mortal Eyes,

With Omens dire attended where he flies.

Tell-tales deserve such Fate; but who cou'd grace

You, charming *Sirenes*, with a Maiden Face

To your Birds feet and wings? Was it because

When *Proserpine* was lost, by Friendship's Laws

You, then her Play-mates, sought her every where?

And that your marks of Love the Seas might bear,

You

You wish'd for Wings to flutter o're the Main,
 And did your wish from yielding Gods obtain?
 Yet lest your Voice, contriv'd to charm the Ear,
 Shou'd lost or useless by the change appear,
 Your Beauties still, and Virgin-looks remain,
 And you your old harmonious Air retain.

Jove now at last the Year between them parts,
 To ease his Brother's, and his Sister's hearts.

The Queen her Reign o're Earth and Hell divides;
 And six Months *here*, and six *below* resides;
 Soon with a cheerful Air, and lofty Mein,
 She, who was sullen all before, was seen.

Brisk as the Sun, when watry Clouds o're-blown
 His radiant Beams are with advantage shown.
 And *Ceres*, throughly pleas'd, her Debt requires;
 And *Arethusa's* Tale at large desires.

Her Waves now hush'd, the Goddess rais'd her
 Head

Above those Streams by Cristal Fountains fed;
 Then with her Hands she dries her Sea-green
 Hairs,
 And thus *Alpham* old Amour declares.

Once an *Achaean* Nymph was I, and none
More for Activity in Hunting known;
None with more art or care could spread their
Toils,

None more was pleas'd with Forrest nobler
Spoils:

And tho' for courage more, than Beauty, fam'd;
My Beauties too the flattering World proclaim'd;
Yet when the Crowd my pretty Features prais'd,
No pleasure that, but endless Blushes rais'd:
Others perhaps admired such Toys as these;
I almost thought it was a Crime to please.
As once I from th' *Arcadian* Woods return'd,
With equal heats of Sun and hunting Burn'd;
I found a soft deep Stream, thro' whose pure Wave
A pleasant sight the rolling Pebbles gave.
So clear the River was, so smooth the Stream,
A Mirror this, and that a Sky might seem.
On the steep hanging Banks a chearful Shade
White Sallows twin'd with hoary Poplars made;
Approaching, first my Feet the Cold assay;
And next my Knees; till wholly stript, I lay

R

My

My Cloaths on the green Bank, then plunging in,
 A thousand Sports I on the Waves begin:
 Now back, now forward stretch, now dive, now
 flow

I down afloat the lazy River go,
 When from the middle Stream I hear a Voice,
 And leap a shore, fear'd with the murmuring noise:
 From the deep Brook, *Alpheus* cries, O where
 O where flies *Arethusa*? I who hear,
 Stript as I was, without my Cloaths (for they
 Without my reach beyond the River lay)
 Fly thence; he follows swift, while naked I
 Seem'd more obnoxious to his Lust to fly,
 I fled from him as trembling Doves would fly,
 When the fierce Hawk pursues 'em thro' the Sky:
 The cruel Man at me as swiftly flew,
 As ravenous Hawks the trembling Doves pursue,
 Fleet as himself, I many Leagues pass'd o'er,
 But he the long fatigue more strongly bore,
 Yet o're rough Hills and Rocks I forc'd my way,
 Thro' Woods and Plains, which wild and pathless
 lay.

I saw,

I saw, or thought I saw his Giant shade,
My fainting Steps with larger Strides invade;
I heard his Feet, his Breath too toll'd my Hair
With violent Flurries of a sultry Air.
Quite tir'd and faint. I'm catch'd, help, help! I cry'd
Diana, help one to thy Train ally'd!
On whom that Honour oft thou wouldst bestow,
To bear thy golden Shafts and sounding Bow!
The Goddess heard, and streight her Suppliant
shrouds
In an impervious Gloom of gathering Clouds;
Alpheus sees and tries the Clouds around,
And twice unknowing my thin Shelter found;
Twice in his Quest on the same Cloud he falls,
And *Arcthusa*, Ho *Arcthusa* calls!
What Soul had I? What Lambs oppress'd with fear,
When near their Fold, the howling Wolves they
hear;
Or Hares when from their Fountains the Hounds they
spy,
And hush'd for fear, and almost breathless lye.

Yet tho *Alpheus* could no Steps descry,
He mark'd the Clouds still with a watchful Eye.
While thus besieg'd, cold Sweats my Heart surprize,

And thin blew Drops from every Member rise;
Where my Feet mov'd a Pool my Waters fill'd,
And from my Locks eternal Dews distill'd,
A River I, quick as I speak, became,
But he ah cruel! with a lasting Flame
Pursued my Streams, lays by the useless Man,
Assumes his watry Shape, and streight began
To draw towards mine; when powerful *Delia*
rends

The gaping Earth, headlong my Stream descends,
Till thro' a thousand dark *Meander's* toft,
And almost in the gloomy windings lost.

I reach'd this Isle, from my dear Goddess nam'd,
Now for my Springs, and wondrous Passage fam'd.

Here *Arethusa* ends, but *Ceres* now
With kinder wishes and a smoother Brow;
Her Chariot mounts, where two huge Dragons
Yok'd and obedient to her gentle Hand, (stand,
On

The Fifth Book?

2

On their broad Sails thro' yielding Air they fly.
Till *Ceres* sends her Chariot from the Sky
To good *Triptolemus* her *Athenian* Friend;
Triptolemus whose useful Cares intend
The Common Good; Seed was the Chariot's load,
Which she on him for publick use bestow'd;
Part she for Fallow-fields new plough'd design'd,
And part for Lands by frequent Tilch refin'd;
Europe and *Asia*, now with Corn supply'd,
The Youth drives off to *Scythia*'s Northern-side
Where *Lyncus* reign'd, right to his Court he goes,
And there himself before the Tyrant shows;
The Jealous Tyrant ask'd his Birth and Name,
Whence first, and why to *Scythian* Realms he came?
Athens, the Fam'd, first gave me Birth, said he;
Triptolemus my Name; but not by Sea,
Nor Land I come; but through the pervious Air
With *Ceres* blessings to your Realms repair.
I bring rich Seeds, which in your *Scythian* Field
A gallant Crop, and vast Increase will yield.
The *Envious* Tyrant that himself might raise
From such Invention an immortal Praise,

Invites

Invites him in, but when with Sleep oppress'd,
Offers his Dagger at his harmless Breast;
But in that Act a spotted Lynx was made.
When *Ceres* thence her Favourite convey'd
Thro' the free Air to foreign happy Lands,
And left her Gifts in less ingrateful Hands.

The Muse here ends her Song, and all around
The Nymphs with Victory our *Chorus* crown'd.
But when the bold *Pierian* Sisters grew
Stark Mad, and out in loud Abuses flew;
Since, said *Calliope*, you're not content
By daring Pride to merit Punishment,
(That you deserve, who durst with us contend)
But with foul Words our patient Ears offend.
Provok'd, our Thoughts to Penal Deeds must rise.
The Sisters with a scornful Smile despise
Her threatening words; but when they tri'd to
speak,
And their fierce Malice with their Nails to wreak,
Beneath their Nails advancing Feathers sprung,
And on their Arms a longer Plumage hung:

They

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They now each others horned Bills admire,
 And grow themselves parts of the *Sylvan* Quire,
 They tri'd to beat their Breasts, but when they
 try'd,
 Their fluttering Wings the softer Air divide:
 Now Pies, they keep their ancient Eloquence,
 And prate eternally without one word of Sense.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page 1. line 9. r. *Pyrrha*. l. 12. r. *Python*. l. 14. f. *Oaken* r. *Beechen*. p. 4. l. 10. r. *Mountains*. p. 8. l. 9. r. *Virgin*. p. 13. l. 11. r. *Fairies*. l. 12. *Woody*. p. 15. l. 12. after *baile'd* dele (;). p. 23. l. 20. r. *Oracles*. p. 30. l. 1. for *they'd be* r. *'twould be*. p. 35. l. 10. post *Disturb and Disen*, dele 11. d for *His* r. *their*. p. 48. l. 29. r. *Aglauros*. p. 62. l. 5. r. *fin'd*. p. 63. 4. for *Her* r. *Their*. p. 64. l. ult. for *through* r. *threw*, and dele (.). p. 65. 3. dele r in *Arcthusari*. l. 4. for *the* r. *their*. p. 71. l. 5. r. *Phaethusa*. 97. l. 11. dele *moist*, r. *As when green Woods*. p. 98. l. 9. for *Cold lies* r. *knies*. p. 102. l. 14. r. *Berbe*. p. 116. l. 10. r. *dishevel'd*. p. 117. l. 6. *the*. p. 119. l. 17. for *no* r. *now*. p. 141. l. 19. r. *Naiades*. p. 158. l. 2. *Pyrrhene*. l. 13. r. *Minyads*. p. 116. l. 12. r. *Leuconie*. p. 175. l. 5. r. *Al-*
bie. p. 188. l. 19. r. *Stroke*. p. 190. l. ult. r. *Evohé*. p. 199. l. 13. r. *adi*. p. 209. l. 11. r. *Pallas*. l. 20. for *Her* r. *His*. p. 219. l. 2. r. *Min-*
ni. l. 8. for *And* r. *Whys*. p. 224. l. ult. r. *When Northern Gales the*, &c.
 119. l. 11. r. *intreats*. Besides some Errors in the Pointing, which
 the observing Reader may Correct with his Pen.